

HARRY HOUDINI'S WAR

A four-part story by Steve Lyons

The DOCTOR: Colin Baker**PERI Brown: Nicola Bryant**

A mind-reading energy being masquerading as the Doctor's old friend. She sounds and behaves like the real Peri, only beginning to drop the pretence when noted.

Harry HOUDINI:

The legendary escape artist, forty-three years old, enthusiastic for another adventure with the Doctor and - to begin with - convinced of his own invincibility.

Mrs Helen SMITH:

Late 40s/early 50s. A German-born US citizen, who feels ostracised since America declared war on her homeland. She is driven by bitterness, but tells herself she is only doing her patriotic duty. She has a New York accent, with a barely detectable hint of German.

Oberst (Colonel) BRANDT:

Male, 40s or older, German. A surly, insecure, deskbound military officer, looking to make a name for himself.

Professor WINTER:

Male, adult, otherwise any age. A German-accented scientist. His name pronounced with a German 'V' sound (SCENES 14, 19, 55). Also: **DOORMAN**, New York accent (SCENES 2, 73, 74), **GERMAN SOLDIER** (SCENE 30).

REYNOLDS:

Male, adult, otherwise any age. A German-American spy, with American accent (SCENES 9, 47, 59b, 65). Also: **GERMAN POLICE OFFICER** (SCENE 44), **GERMAN SCIENTIST** (SCENES 63, 72).

HARTMANN:

Female, adult, otherwise any age. A corporal in the German army, acting as a radio operator (SCENES 22, 35, 53). Also: **HAUSFRAU**, German (SCENE 42), **ALIEN**, possibly with treated voice (SCENES 47, 50, 66, 68, 70).

WILDTRACKS: AUDIENCE (SCENES 1, 75), **BACKSTAGE PERSONNEL/PERFORMERS** (SCENE 3), **PASSERS-BY** (SCENE 6), **SPIES** (SCENES 14, 16, 17, 59b), **BERLINERS** (SCENE 41), **SCIENTISTS** (SCENES 61, 62), **SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS** (SCENES 62, 66, 68, 70).

PART ONE

1. A NEW YORK THEATRE STAGE, 1917

HOUDINI:

(ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE WITHOUT AMPLIFICATION, OVER-ENUNCIATING) Ladies and gentlemen. Introducing my original invention, the Water Torture Cell.

[NB: THIS SPEECH, CONTINUING IN SCENE 3, IS A TRANSCRIPT OF THE ONLY KNOWN RECORDING OF HOUDINI'S VOICE. SEE <https://publicdomainreview.org/collections/houdini-on-his-water-torture-cell-1914/>]

AUDIENCE (WILDTRACK):

(APPLAUSE, CHEERS FROM A CROWD OF APPROX. 5,000)

2. THE THEATRE VESTIBULE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: APPLAUSE CONTINUES, MUFFLED BY INTERVENING DOORS,
DYING DOWN; THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES WITH A DOORMAN

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING) You aren't listening to me. I must get into
this show.

DOORMAN:

(STRUGGLING) You and the rest of New York City, pal, but
no one comes past me without a ticket. Don't you know
there's a war on?

3. THE STAGE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: STAGE ASSISTANTS BUSY THEMSELVES AROUND HOUDINI,
LOCKING HIS FEET INTO STOCKS, ATTACHING CHAINS

HOUDINI:

(PERFORMING) Although there is nothing supernatural about this, I am willing to forfeit the sum of one thousand dollars to anyone who can prove that it is possible to obtain air inside of this torture cell, when I am locked up in it in the regulation manner after it has been filled with water.

4. BEHIND THE SCENES

FX: THE DOCTOR PUSHES THROUGH A BUSY BACKSTAGE AREA; A SMALL DOG BARKS; A SQUAWKING PARROT TAKES FLIGHT

BACKSTAGE PERSONNEL/PERFORMERS (WILDTRACK):
(PURPOSEFUL CHATTER, SOME INDIGNANT HUFFS)

DOCTOR:

Pardon me. Just passing through. Sorry, sir, was that your foot? Oh dear; don't worry about me, madam. I shall swear I never saw a thing - (TO SELF, ALREADY MOVING ON) to my dying day, most likely.

FX: AN ELEPHANT REARS UP IN HIS PATH, TRUMPETING

Aha. Now, you look like a pachyderm who's seen a few understage areas. You couldn't wiggle a tusk, and point me towards...? Perhaps not.

FX: HE PUSHES ON, AWAY FROM US

5. THE STAGE

FX: ORCHESTRA PLAYS A SEDATE TUNE [FOR HISTORICAL ACCURACY, THIS SHOULD BE 'ASLEEP IN THE DEEP' COMPOSER HENRY W PETRIE, PUBLISHED 1897 AND THEREFORE, I BELIEVE, IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN]

HOUDINI CLAMBERS OUT OF A WATER TANK, WITH A CLATTER OF CHAINS AND A THUNK OF WOODEN STOCKS; NO REACTION FROM THE AUDIENCE, WHO CAN'T SEE

HOUDINI:
(BREATHLESS, HUSHED) What are you doing? I didn't signal for assistance. Let go of me.

DOCTOR:
(HUSHED, URGENT) Harry.

HOUDINI:
Get out of here before the audience sees you. Who are you, anyway? I haven't seen your face round here before.
(REALISING) Oh.

DOCTOR:
I need help, Harry. Of the sort that only the world's greatest escape artist can provide.

HOUDINI:
Do I have time to step out and take my bow?

DOCTOR:
If you absolutely must.

HOUDINI:
I usually leave it a minute or two, to build up tension.

DOCTOR:
(IMPATIENT) The outcome of the war depends on you, Harry Houdini. So, you can hang around back here all night—
[CONTINUES]

HOUDINI:
'Hang around'. As in upside-down. In the water tank. I get it.

DOCTOR:
—or you can come with me and save the world. Hold your feet still, can't you? I'm trying to unlock these stocks.

HOUDINI:
It is you, isn't it? Doctor!

FX: THE MUSIC PLAYS ON, COVERING THEIR ESCAPE

6. A MANHATTAN SIDEWALK, LATE EVENING

FX: A FEW PEOPLE OUT WALKING, THOUGH THE STREETS AREN'T BUSY; THE PARROT FROM SCENE 3 SQUAWKS AS THE DOCTOR CLAMBERS OUT OF A THEATRE WINDOW, JOINING HOUDINI HERE

HOUDINI:

A broken window? I thought I taught you better than that.

DOCTOR:

(GRUNTING WITH EFFORT) Finesse is all very well - when you have an orchestra playing to buy you time.

FX: A CONTEMPORARY CAR SPUTTERS BY

HOUDINI:

Never had to sneak out of one of my own shows before - and I've had some pretty harsh critics.

DOCTOR:

Think how impressed they'll be when they pull back that curtain to find you gone.

HOUDINI:

Nah. They'll figure there's a trapdoor in the stage. That's the trouble with your modern-day audience: too smart for their own good. Is that a tuning fork?

FX: THE DOCTOR PINGS A BRICK WALL WITH A TUNING FORK; HE WALKS OFF BRUSQUELY, HOUDINI HURRYING TO CATCH UP

PASSERS-BY (WILDTRACK):

(A SMALL PARTY CHATTERS CHEERFULLY)

HOUDINI:

So, what's going on? Another alien invasion or- [what?]

DOCTOR:

(DELIBERATELY INTERRUPTING HIM) This time, it's worse than that.

HOUDINI:

You mentioned 'the war'. The Great War, I presume?

FX: DOCTOR PINGS THE TUNING FORK AGAIN

DOCTOR:

That is the one I had in mind. Left at the next block.

HOUDINI:

That show you just crashed - that was an army benefit. You know that, right? You know I've been doing my bit. Selling war bonds. Touring army camps.

DOCTOR:

Teaching US troops the tricks of escapology.

HOUDINI:

That's right. I tried to enlist too, first day I could. They said I was too old. Look at me, Doctor. I may be in my forties, but I'm still in peak physical condition. If they wouldn't let me fight, I could at least have flown a plane. I just want to serve my country.

DOCTOR:

'Your' country, Harry?

HOUDINI:

(DEFENSIVELY) The United States of America. (BEAT) That is a tuning fork, isn't it?

7. A DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE: SMALL OFFICE

SMITH:

I know you're awake.

FX: SHE WALKS ACROSS CREAKING FLOORBOARDS TOWARDS US

I said, I know you are awake. Must I put a bullet in your foot to prove it?

PERI:

All right, I'm awake. Kind of wishing I wasn't. Do we really need the ropes? What do you want?

FX: SHE'S TIED TO A WOODEN CHAIR, WHICH CREAKS AS SHE STRAINS AT HER BONDS

SMITH:

I want you to talk to me, Miss Perpugilliam Brown. I want to know everything about you.

PERI:

OK. I was born at a very early age, to my mother and father. For a few months, life was uneventful. Mostly, I just spent my days sleeping and crying.

SMITH:

You can start by telling me about your employer. The magician.

PERI:

The Doctor? I wouldn't call him my 'employer'. He's more of a... well, we travel together.

SMITH:

Your real employer, Miss Brown. The man who pays you to keep his secrets. Tell me about Harry Houdini.

8. ANOTHER MANHATTAN SIDEWALK

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HOUDINI, STILL HURRYING ALONG

HOUDINI:

Are you ever gonna tell me what we're looking for?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) Patience, Harry. Of all people, you should appreciate the virtue of secrecy. Or was your doorman not acting on your say-so when he tried to chloroform me?

HOUDINI:

Am I being a bonehead here?

FX: HE HALTS, FORCING THE DOCTOR TO DO LIKEWISE

Running off with a guy who claims to be an old friend but who looks nothing like him. Any of him.

DOCTOR:

Hmm. About that, Harry...

FX: HE STEPS CLOSER TO HOUDINI

(CONSPIRATORIAL) I'm not exactly breaking the Laws of Time by being here, but I am- [bending them a little.]

HOUDINI:

You are bending them a little. Yeah. Same old Doctor. Fine. I know better than to ask too much. You asked for my help though, right?

FX: HE HURRIES OFF, DRAGGING THE DOCTOR AFTER HIM

DOCTOR:

Harry, wait. What are you doing?

HOUDINI:

This is me helping. I know this city, even by electric light - and I know when I'm being followed.

9. A MANHATTAN ALLEYWAY [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HOUDINI HURRY TOWARDS US, FOOTSTEPS RINGING OFF COBBLES

HOUDINI:

I've been sensing it for weeks now. Over here.

FX: THEY COME TO REST, SCRAPING AGAINST BINS

(HUSHED) Everywhere I go, I've felt their eyes on me. I glimpse them sometimes at the back of an auditorium, or sitting on a park bench pretending to read a newspaper.

DOCTOR:

(HUSHED) You don't think your celebrity status might have something to do with it? Or posters like that one?

(READS) 'The web is spun for you with invisible threads.'

HOUDINI:

Don't tell me the spy threat isn't real, Doctor. I guess you weren't on Black Tom Island last year.

DOCTOR:

Not yet, as far as I know. Which doesn't explain why we're skulking in the shadows, in an alleyway with no obvious escape routes.

HOUDINI:

Ha! I can name six for you without looking. That fire ladder back there, for starters.

DOCTOR:

I had seen it. The phrase that sprang to mind was 'death trap'.

HOUDINI:

Death traps are my stock in trade, Doctor. I thought they were yours too. Shush!

FX: REYNOLDS APPROACHES CAUTIOUSLY FROM THE STREET;
HOUDINI STEPS OUT IN FRONT OF HIM

(ALoud) That's as far as you go, buddy.

REYNOLDS:

(AFRAID) Who are you? What do you want?

HOUDINI:

I want to know why you've been tailing us - and playing dumb won't help you.

REYNOLDS:

(CRIES) Help! Help, police!

FX: REYNOLDS TRIES TO RUN, HOUDINI WRESTLES WITH HIM

HOUDINI:

(STRUGGLING) Oh no you don't.

REYNOLDS:

(STRUGGLING) Get your hands off me. I know important people in this town. I'm warning you, I- (PAINED GROAN, FREEZING AS HE'S CAUGHT IN A MARTIAL ARTS GRIP)

DOCTOR:

Mind if I cut in?

FX: REYNOLDS DROPS

HOUDINI:

(A LITTLE BREATHLESS) Well, Doctor. A little more spry than you've been letting on, huh? Keeping up the Venusian what-do-you-call-it-again?

DOCTOR:

We haven't just assaulted an innocent civilian, I hope.

HOUDINI:

You're kidding me, right?

FX: HOUDINI SEARCHES REYNOLDS' BODY

Time to find out who we're dealing with. Of course, we could have asked him if you hadn't knocked him spark out. (FINDS SOMETHING) Aha.

DOCTOR:

What is it?

HOUDINI:

Our 'innocent civilian' is carrying a gun. A revolver.

FX: HE OPENS, CHECKS, CLOSES THE CYLINDER OF A REVOLVER

DOCTOR:

You're keeping that, are you?

HOUDINI:

Safer in my pocket than his. And who knows? I might find a use for it in my stage act.

FX: HE RIFFLES THROUGH REYNOLDS' WALLET

No ID papers in the wallet, which doesn't surprise me - but there's this. Looks like a laundry ticket.

DOCTOR:

(KNOWS MORE THAN HE'S LETTING ON; HE'S TRYING TO DRAG HOUDINI AWAY BEFORE HE LEARNS TOO MUCH) Yes, well done, Harry. I'm sure there's much to be gleaned from a detailed inspection of this man's smalls. I think I mentioned, though, that time is of the essence. Time we were moving on.

HOUDINI:

I only said 'looks like' a laundry ticket. See these words scribbled on the back in pencil?

FX: HE PASSES THE TICKET TO THE DOCTOR

DOCTOR:

They look like nonsense to me.

HOUDINI:

Me too. But want to bet there's a meaning in there somewhere, if only we had the right code key? Either way, I know my late mother's language when I see it. Convinced yet, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(RELUCTANTLY) I must admit, it does appear our shadow has been receiving instructions in German.

10. THE WAREHOUSE OFFICE

FX: A SILENT MOVIE PROJECTOR PLAYS

PERI:

I am suitably impressed by your up-to-the-minute technology. Is that what you want to hear?

SMITH:

I would rather talk about *your* technology. Specifically, the mechanism that appears on this film about... now.

PERI:

(DEFLATED) That is a tough one to explain.

SMITH:

I'll accept the layman's version. How does a wooden cabinet materialise out of thin air? How are two people then able to step out of it?

PERI:

You recorded the whole thing, then. Well, that's, uh, that would be Houdini's vanishing cabinet. We were trying it out for his stage show, the Doctor and me. Look, there we are now, on the screen. Where is the Doctor?

SMITH:

Don't take me for a fool, Miss Brown. How does the cabinet work?

PERI:

Hey, don't ask me. I'm just the dumb assistant who gets sawn in half and put back together, or disappears from inside a locked trunk.

SMITH:

How about you open the cabinet and show me inside?

PERI:

If I had a key, I would. But all you'd see is four walls and a roof. We didn't plan on turning up here, you know. Nor on being surrounded by armed thugs.

SMITH:

Your friend was quick to talk his way out of trouble, however. At least, he tried. You tried to run.

PERI:

This part of the movie, I have to watch through my fingers.

SMITH:

You are lucky my associate only used the butt of his gun.

FX: THE FILM ENDS

PERI:

(HALF-HEARTED) Well, don't stop the show now. I'm dying to see what happens in the next reel.

11. ANOTHER MANHATTAN SIDEWALK

FX: THE DOCTOR AND HOUDINI WALK THROUGH A QUIETER AREA

HOUDINI:

Running out of sidewalk, Doctor. There's nothing much along here but the East Side Docks.

DOCTOR:

Almost deserted by this time of the evening, making this the ideal location.

HOUDINI:

For what? And how long before that guy in the alleyway wakes up and comes after us again?

FX: DOCTOR PINGS THE TUNING FORK AGAIN

I get it now. You're following some kind of disturbance in the air. Strong enough to affect the pitch of that fork. Something with no business being here on Earth. Or in September 1917, for that matter.

DOCTOR:

I may have taught you too much.

HOUDINI:

But you said this was no invasion. So, what? Someone beaming radio waves into world leaders' heads? That would explain a lot. It would explain why half of them have gone stark raving mad.

DOCTOR:

Unfortunately, humankind got into this mess on its own.

HOUDINI:

But now you're here to get us out of it. (BEAT) Right, Doctor?

FX: THEY WALK AWAY FROM US

12. THE WAREHOUSE OFFICE

PERI:

You haven't introduced yourself.

SMITH:

(WEARY) You don't need to know my name.

PERI:

I know they call you Mrs Smith.

SMITH:

You were awake longer than I thought.

PERI:

And you were born in Germany, weren't you? Don't get me wrong, it's a very convincing accent. You must spend a lot of time here.

SMITH:

(SIGHS) I emigrated with my husband in the eighties. Even then, Frau Helga Schmidt was viewed with suspicion. Life was easier for Mrs Helen Smith.

PERI:

Then war broke out.

SMITH:

Can you imagine what it's like to become 'an enemy alien' in your own home? My husband must report his every move to the Department of Justice. The slightest mistake, and they'll bury us forever in a squalid internment camp.

PERI:

When of course you're a perfectly law-abiding citizen.

SMITH:

America shipped arms to the Allied Powers for years. Now, they wage war on my homeland directly. They made an enemy of me, so why shouldn't I act the part?

PERI:

I know you've spoken to the Doctor.

SMITH:

(HOLLOW LAUGH) Don't worry. His story matched yours word for word. Only Harry Houdini has a key to the vanishing cabinet. No one else in the world knows how it works. The Doctor suggested it may be done with mirrors.

PERI:

That sounds like something he'd say.

FX: SMITH PUSHES BACK A WOODEN CHAIR, STANDS

SMITH:

You both know more than you are saying. No matter. I will find out the whole truth soon enough.

13. THE WATERSIDE

FX: QUIET, BUT FOR WATER LAPPING AGAINST THE DOCKS;
HOUDINI HURRIES UP, JOINING THE DOCTOR

HOUDINI:

(HUSHED) You were right. This old place isn't as disused as it looks.

DOCTOR:

(HUSHED) How many sentries?

HOUDINI:

Just one that I could see. Youngish guy, heavy-set. Trying hard to look like he was out for an evening stroll - which made him all the more conspicuous.

DOCTOR:

Then I'd say we've reached our destination.

FX: HOUDINI DRAWS HIS REVOLVER

HOUDINI:

I told you the gun would come in useful.

DOCTOR:

We can do better. Do you think you could open that window up there?

HOUDINI:

If I could reach it, sure. It isn't barred like the ones down here, and the boards are coming away. I'd need a hand to get up there, though. Scaling sheer brick walls is not one of my special abilities.

DOCTOR:

Unlike, say, holding your breath for minutes at a time.

HOUDINI:

What do you have in mind?

DOCTOR:

This warehouse has a water entrance. All the better for receiving deliveries unnoticed, but I wonder - have its present occupants thought to watch that too?

HOUDINI:

Why would they? That guy out front would see a boat a mile away. On the other hand, a swimmer... Wait. Did you already plan this? Is that why you had me keep my bathing suit on under these clothes?

DOCTOR:

I try to prepare for most eventualities.

FX: HOUDINI STRIPS OFF TO HIS BATHING SUIT

Whatever you see in there, don't be tempted to do anything impetuous. Find that window, and I'll throw you up a rope. I imagine I can find one around here.

HOUDINI:

Keep out of trouble. Check.

DOCTOR:

That water will be cold, Harry. Deathly cold.

HOUDINI:

Tell me about it. Last time I took a dip in the East River, I was in leg irons and handcuffs, nailed into a crate. Compared to that, this'll be a cinch.

FX: HOUDINI SLIPS INTO THE WATER

14. THE WAREHOUSE: MAIN STORAGE AREA

FX: A LARGE, HIGH-RAFTERED AREA; BANKS OF MACHINERY HUM AND CLICK WITH POWER, WHILE A DOZEN OR SO PEOPLE BUSY THEMSELVES AROUND THEM; IN THE BACKGROUND, AN ELECTRIC DRILL WHIRRS INTERMITTENTLY

SMITH AND WINTER STROLL THROUGH

SPIES (WILDTRACK):
(LOW, PURPOSEFUL CHATTER)

WINTER:
I didn't expect to find you here.

SMITH:
Where ought I to be, Professor Winter?

WINTER:
Perhaps there has been a change in Mr Smith's condition?

SMITH:
I do my husband no good, sitting by a hospital bed. He would rather I help to keep his work here going. How long has it been since the Gateway failed to open?

WINTER:
One hour and forty-three minutes - leaving seventeen minutes until the next scheduled attempt.

SMITH:
(FRUSTRATED) And what do we have to show Brandt? A wooden cabinet, which may or may not have vital machinery inside it. Which we can't open, either way.

FX: THEY COME TO A HALT

WINTER:
We are attempting to drill through the lock. Without success, as you can see.

SMITH:
There must be something you can do with these machines, some data you can glean. And where is Reynolds? (RAISES VOICE, ADDRESSING ROOM) Has anyone heard from Reynolds? (SIGHS) There's a telephone booth outside the Hippodrome Theatre. He ought to have reported in by now.

WINTER:
We have the girl. The magician's assistant. I'm sure the colonel will get something out of her.

SMITH:

One thing she said, I do believe. Miss Brown and the Doctor did not come here by design. If they had, then surely they would have come armed, at least?

WINTER:

I have been wondering about that. Was the timing of their arrival a coincidence?

SMITH:

Just as we attempted - and failed - to open the Gateway? Or is it possible that they were drawn here somehow? Could they be using the same technology as we are?

15. THE WAREHOUSE: UPSTAIRS

FX: THE DOCTOR CLAMBERS IN THROUGH A WINDOW, HELPED BY HOUDINI

DOCTOR:

(GRUNTING WITH EFFORT) Careful. Be careful. You almost dropped me.

HOUDINI:

(STRAINED, BUT LESS SO) That's because my arms are wet. Try holding on tighter. Grip the rope with your ankles.

DOCTOR:

This is the very last window I clamber through today.

FX: HE MAKES IT IN

HOUDINI:

You might think again when you see what I just saw.

DOCTOR:

I thought I told you not to- [be impetuous.]

HOUDINI:

So I did a quick recon. I was worried the building might be empty. There was no one around where I came in at the back. No movement on this level either. Do you have my shirt there?

FX: HE TAKES HIS SHIRT FROM THE DOCTOR AND DRESSES

DOCTOR:

To judge by the dust, no one has been up here in months.

HOUDINI:

No, they're busy elsewhere. There's a gallery through there, overlooking the warehouse floor. I counted nearly twenty people down there. Heard a few European accents too. We've found our spy ring, all right, and they... well, you should see this for yourself.

16. A GALLERY OVERLOOKING THE MAIN STORAGE AREA

FX: THE BUSTLE AND MACHINE SOUNDS OF THE MAIN AREA (FROM SCENE 14) BELOW, MINUS THE DRILL NOW; THE DOCTOR AND HOUDINI APPROACH ALONG A GALLERY, STEALTHILY

SPIES (WILDTRACK):
(LOW, PURPOSEFUL CHATTER, FROM BELOW)

HOUDINI:
(HUSHED) There. That is your cabinet, right?

DOCTOR:
(HUSHED) Yes, Harry. That's the TARDIS.

HOUDINI:
So, what the devil is it doing here? And those other machines - are they alien too?

DOCTOR:
Just the latest in scientific monitoring devices. Seismographs, barometers, an X-ray machine, a magnetometer... Could that be an early Geiger counter?

HOUDINI:
I used a camera like that to make my movies. They must have hundreds of bucks' worth of equipment down there. I guess they're planning something worth the expense.

DOCTOR:
Imminently, I'd wager, from the general air of purpose.

HOUDINI:
What now? There's ten of them to each of us. So, call the cops? We could take out the sentry outside before they got here. These traitors would be taken by surprise - and caught red-handed.

DOCTOR:
No police. The police would come in all guns blazing.

HOUDINI:
That's a problem?

DOCTOR:
It's a problem when there's a hostage involved. A young friend of mine.

HOUDINI:
I see. Another fact you neglected to mention.

DOCTOR:

Her name is Peri. Short for Perpugilliam Brown. You'll like her. She's American. They're most likely holding her in one of those old offices. I need you to do what you do best, Harry: engineer an escape.

HOUDINI:

While you do what?

DOCTOR:

You can get up behind those packing crates unseen. From there to the door is another matter entirely - especially if you have to pick the lock. My job is to draw all eyes away from you - which, luckily, is my speciality.

HOUDINI:

OK. You know I'm game. But I hope you're planning one heck of a distraction, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I think I can promise you that.

17. THE WAREHOUSE: MAIN STORAGE AREA

SPIES (WILDTRACK):
(LOW, PURPOSEFUL CHATTER)

SMITH:
(TO SELF) Four and a half minutes. Time's up, Doctor.

FX: SHE CLAPS FOR ATTENTION

SPIES (WILDTRACK):
(CHATTER DIES DOWN)

SMITH:
(ADDRESSES ALL) Attention. Attention, everybody. I want that cabinet up on a truck, ready to roll. You two, fetch our guest out here.

FX: PEOPLE START MOVING AS DIRECTED; THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT BEHIND SMITH

DOCTOR:
We had an arrangement, Mrs Smith. Don't tell me you've lost faith already.

SPIES (WILDTRACK):
(MURMURS OF SURPRISE)

SMITH:
Where did you...? It doesn't matter. I see you have returned alone, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Hardly. I told you I would obtain your quarry for you. I keep my promises.

FX: HE STEPS FORWARD

You can come out now, Harry. (BEAT) Harry, come out from behind the packing crate. We know you're there. You can't escape. Not even you.

SMITH:
What is this? Some kind of trick?

FX: HOUDINI STEPS OUT OF HIDING

SPIES (WILDTRACK):
(GASPS OF SURPRISE, CONFUSION)

HOUDINI:

All right. I'm here. I'm also armed.

FX: HE COCKS HIS REVOLVER; SPIES HURRY FOR COVER, SOME DRAW AND COCK THEIR OWN GUNS

So, let's see hands in the air - before I'm tempted to start shooting anything that moves.

DOCTOR:

No, Harry, don't be stupid.

SMITH:

I'd listen to him if I were you. You have one gun, while I count eight trained on you.

HOUDINI:

But don't you know who I am? I'm the Great Houdini - and I catch bullets between my teeth.

FX: DOCTOR STEPS BETWEEN THEM, HURRIEDLY

DOCTOR:

No, Harry. Just no. (TO ALL) Don't shoot him. That gun isn't loaded. (TO HARRY) Sorry, Harry. You shouldn't have let me hold your jacket.

FX: BULLETS CLINK IN HIS HAND

SMITH:

Disarm him.

FX: MEN STEP FORWARD, SEIZE HOUDINI, TAKE HIS GUN

HOUDINI:

(SIGHS) So, this was the plan, huh, Doctor? This was the reason for all the secrets and lies. They couldn't get past my security, so they sent you. To fetch me here. To sell me out. To deliver me into enemy hands.

DOCTOR:

I suppose it never occurred to you that your enemy might not be mine.

18. WAREHOUSE OFFICE

FX: A SPY HELPS PERI UP FROM HER CHAIR

PERI:

Hey, take it easy, buster. Still trying to pump some blood back into my feet here. (BEAT) Strong and silent type, huh? Should I thank you for the rescue, or...? No, I figured not.

FX: HE BUNDLES HER OUT INTO...

19. MAIN STORAGE AREA [CONTINUOUS]

FX: PERI IS BUNDLED ACROSS TO THE OTHER CHARACTERS

WINTER:

One minute to Gateway opening.

PERI:

Doctor. Am I glad to see you.

DOCTOR:

Hello, Peri. I assume you've met Mrs Smith. And you know Harry Houdini, of course.

PERI:

Uh, sure. He's my employer, isn't he? Looks like I'm late to the party. Anyone feel like bringing me up to speed?

HOUDINI:

Allow me. In case you don't already know. Your friend, the Doctor, betrayed us - you, me and the rest of the world. He's working for the Central Powers. Like the rest of these wretched traitors here.

SMITH:

Ha!

HOUDINI:

Excuse me. Have I said something funny?

SMITH:

You call us traitors? We know all about you, 'Harry Houdini'. We know where you were really born.

HOUDINI:

At least I have the good grace to be ashamed of it.

DOCTOR:

Whereas we have the good sense to choose the winning side. You wanted to know what was going on, Peri. You're about to see the answer for yourself.

WINTER:

Stand by for Gateway opening in... ten seconds.

FX: A SOUND LIKE WIND BLOWING THROUGH THE ROOM, BUILDING TO A GALE

PERI:

(NERVOUS) Doctor, why are the hairs on the back of my neck standing up?

WINTER:

Five... four... three... two...

FX: WIND BUILDS TO A CLIMAX, AND THE AIR ITSELF RIPS OPEN, WITH A SOUND LIKE GLASS BEING CUT; THE TEAR HANGS, CRACKLING WITH DANGEROUS ENERGY

HOUDINI:

(AGHAST) What... what the devil is it?

DOCTOR:

That, Harry, is a tear in the fabric of space-time itself. A trans-dimensional portal.

HOUDINI:

I wasn't asking you, traitor.

WINTER:

All readings at optimal levels. Power output constant. The Gateway appears to be stable. This time.

PERI:

All right, I'll bite. If that thing is a... a gateway, then it must lead somewhere, right?

SMITH:

Professor Winter?

WINTER:

Wireless radio signals incoming, Mrs Smith. Contact with Berlin has been established.

20. A GERMAN ARMY BASE: OBERST BRANDT'S OFFICE

FX: CONTEMPORARY PHONE RINGS; BRANDT SNATCHES UP THE RECEIVER

BRANDT:

Brandt here. (LISTENS FOR A SECOND; IMPATIENTLY) Yes, I'm aware of that. I gave orders not to be disturbed unless... What did you say? (LISTENS) Is that confirmed? (LISTENS) Well, what do you think? Bring him right here, of course. I'm on my way.

FX: HE SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE

21. THE WAREHOUSE: MAIN STORAGE AREA

FX: GATEWAY CONTINUES TO CRACKLE

SMITH:

(INTO RADIO) Received and understood.

PERI:

Can't say I like the look of that thing much.

DOCTOR:

Nor me. Distinctly ragged about the edges. Punching holes through the universe is rarely neat, of course.

FX: SMITH WALKS UP TO THEM

SMITH:

Good news, Miss Brown. We're sending you on the trip of a lifetime.

PERI:

Why me? I'm a lousy traveller. Ask the Doctor, he'll tell you. I always get grouchy. Can't seem to help myself.

DOCTOR:

You promised not to harm her, Mrs Smith.

SMITH:

I don't intend to. But sometimes - not often, but sometimes - the Gateway crushes those who step through it. Miss Brown is the most expendable of us. Therefore, she steps through first.

HOUDINI:

I'll go. Send me instead.

SMITH:

I think not. (TO PERI) I'm told it helps to close your eyes. Put one foot in front of the other. Believe me when I tell you, you'll be there before you know it.

HOUDINI:

(TO DOCTOR) You're letting them do this to her?

DOCTOR:

Straight through the centre, Peri. It's the most stable part of the portal.

PERI:

(PSYCHING SELF UP) Straight through the centre. One foot in front of the other. I can do this. As soon as I convince my legs of that. Deep breath... and see you on the other side. At least, I hope so.

FX: PERI WALKS INTO THE PORTAL, WHICH FLARES VIOLENTLY, THEN SHE IS GONE

HOUDINI:

Is she OK? Did she make it?

SMITH:

Why don't you tell me? You're the expert at vanishing tricks.

HOUDINI:

I, uh, don't even know what that means.

FX: THE GATEWAY BEGINS TO FLARE AGAIN

DOCTOR:

Peri made it through the Gateway. She's safe.

HOUDINI:

What makes you so sure?

DOCTOR:

Because she was expected on the other side - and the people there have sent someone through in exchange.

FX: THE GATEWAY'S FLARE REACHES ITS ZENITH, FOUR SOLDIERS MARCH OUT

HOUDINI:

(FRANTIC) Soldiers. German soldiers. What is wrong with you, Doctor? What the hell is wrong with all of you? Inviting the enemy onto American soil.

SMITH:

(TO SOLDIERS) That's him.

FX: SOLDIERS MARCH UP TO HOUDINI; HE STRUGGLES AS THEY RESTRAIN AND HANDCUFF HIM

HOUDINI:

(STRUGGLING) You think the penalty for espionage is harsh? You are way beyond that now. This is out-and-out treason. They'll shoot you for this.

FX: SOLDIERS BUNDLE HOUDINI TOWARDS THE GATEWAY

They'll line you up against a wall and they will shoot you - and I intend to be there, watching, when they do. You haven't heard the last of- [me.]

FX: THE GATEWAY FLARES, AND THEY'RE GONE

SMITH:

Well, Doctor. I owe you an apology. Clearly, I was wrong to doubt you. You are free to leave, of course.

DOCTOR:

But I'd far rather step through the Gateway with you. I believe I have earned that honour, have I not?

SMITH:

I can't deny that.

DOCTOR:

I have, after all, just won the greatest war this world has ever seen... for your Central Powers.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND SMITH WALK TOWARDS THE GATEWAY

END PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE

FX: THE GATEWAY FLARES, AND THEY'RE GONE

SMITH:

Well, Doctor. I owe you an apology. Clearly, I was wrong to doubt you. You are free to leave, of course.

DOCTOR:

But I'd far rather step through the Gateway with you. I believe I have earned that honour, have I not?

SMITH:

I can't deny that.

DOCTOR:

I have, after all, just won the greatest war this world has ever seen... for your Central Powers.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND SMITH WALK TOWARDS THE GATEWAY

CONTINUES INTO:

22. AN AIRCRAFT HANGAR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: GATEWAY FLARES, THE DOCTOR AND SMITH STEP OUT; MACHINERY HUMS AND CLICKS, AS IN THE WAREHOUSE; GATEWAY CONTINUES TO CRACKLE

SMITH:

(SHAKEN) Well, that was an interesting sensation.

DOCTOR:

First time? Here, let me look at you. All appendages present and correct. The same appears to be true for the rest of us. How are you feeling, Peri?

HARTMANN:

(INTO RADIO) Station One to Gateway Control. Transfer from Station Four achieved successfully.

PERI:

I expected... I don't know what I expected. Something more impressive than this. Than a rusty old hangar.

HOUDINI:

It's daylight. Through that window, look. How can it be daylight?

DOCTOR:

We just travelled four thousand miles in a single step. It was almost midnight in New York, but Germany is— [six hours ahead.]

HOUDINI:

Six hours ahead of us. Right. We're in Germany.
(CONFIDENTIALLY) Look, Doctor, I don't know what you're really— [up to, but, etc.]

DOCTOR:

Unteroffizier. You should watch your prisoner more closely. He has already slipped out of his handcuffs.

FX: TWO SOLDIERS SEIZE HOUDINI AGAIN

PERI:

(HORRIFIED) Doctor!

HOUDINI:

(STRUGGLING) Thank you very much, 'old friend'.

SMITH:

This way, I assume?

FX: THE DOCTOR, PERI, HOUDINI, SMITH, FOUR SOLDIERS WALK TO THE HANGAR DOOR, WHICH ROLLS OPEN

23. A GERMANY ARMY BASE - DAY-TIME [CONTINUOUS]

FX: SEMI-DISTANT DRONE OF A BIPLANE; OUR EIGHT-STRONG GROUP EMERGES FROM THE HANGAR

HOUDINI:

German flags. Never thought I'd grow to hate three colours so much.

SMITH:

I suggest you get used to them.

FX: A CAR PULLS UP ALONGSIDE THEM

PERI:

Looks like we merit the VIP reception. All we need now is a red carpet.

SMITH:

Oberst Brandt? Helen Smith. I mean, Helga. Helga Schmidt. It is an honour to finally meet you.

FX: BRANDT CLIMBS OUT OF CAR

BRANDT:

(IGNORING HER) Herr Houdini. Welcome to my command post. I have long wished to meet you again. Ah, but you don't remember me, I'm sure?

HOUDINI:

I know the face. Don't tell me. Understage, I think, at the Empire Leicester Square in London. Eating cheese.

BRANDT:

I have never been to England.

HOUDINI:

Must have been some other rat.

BRANDT:

(TO SOLDIERS) Confine him to the gatehouse. And search him thoroughly. Be sure he carries not even the smallest pin. (MOCKING) Don't forget to check up his sleeves.

SMITH:

The girl too, colonel. She works for him.

BRANDT:

Take the girl too. (TO HOUDINI) I find it odd, that you are so much smaller than I remember.

HOUDINI:

You're much less furry.

FX: FOUR SOLDIERS MARCH HOUDINI AND PERI AWAY; BRANDT
TURNS TO THE DOCTOR

BRANDT:

And this colourful gentleman is?

SMITH:

Our newest recruit.

DOCTOR:

The newest and, if I say it myself, most valuable. I
acquired the Great Houdini for you. I have also gained an
insight or two into his methods. Call me the Doctor.

24. ARMY BASE: THE GUARDHOUSE

FX: A SOLDIER UNLOCKS AND OPENS A BARRED GATE; ANOTHER BUNDLES HOUDINI THROUGH INTO A CELL

HOUDINI:

I'd like to say 'nice place you have here'. Don't think I will. I've seen worse, though.

FX: GATE SLAMMED AND LOCKED BEHIND HIM

PERI:

You've been in many prison cells?

HOUDINI:

Strictly in the line of business. (TAUNTING SOLDIERS)
Never found one I liked enough to stay.

25. BRANDT'S OFFICE

FX: BRANDT LEADS THE DOCTOR AND SMITH IN, TAKES A BOTTLE FROM A TRAY, POURS TWO DRINKS

BRANDT:

You have an English accent, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I trust you won't hold it against me.

BRANDT:

Not at all. I judge a man by his loyalties. Drink?

DOCTOR:

I'm sure Mrs Smith wouldn't mind.

FX: BRANDT HANDS A DRINK TO SMITH, TAKES THE OTHER HIMSELF; ALL THREE OF THEM SIT

SMITH:

The Doctor came to us earlier this evening. That is to say, last night by Eastern Standard Time.

BRANDT:

Yes, yes. (TO DOCTOR) An associate of the Great Houdini. Tell me how that came to be.

DOCTOR:

To begin with, through mere curiosity. I read the reports, like everybody else - about the man who, it seemed, no trap could hold. Another in an undistinguished line of charlatans, I assumed. But the more I read..

BRANDT:

(EAGER) The more you wondered. Yes. You had to know. You had to see him with your own eyes.

DOCTOR:

That's exactly what I did. When he performed on New Year's Day in Philadelphia, I watched him from the front row. I had already made the acquaintance of one of his assistants - entirely by chance, she assumed.

SMITH:

Miss Perpugilliam Brown.

DOCTOR:

When they departed for New York, I was part of their retinue. Over time, I was permitted to handle some of the props. Alas, you can only see so much from inside the vanishing cabinet.

SMITH:

Then Fate intervened, and brought the Doctor and Miss Brown to us.

BRANDT:

You saw enough, I think, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Oh, indeed. At least enough to know that Harry Houdini is a highly dangerous man.

26. THE GUARDHOUSE

FX: PERI STRAINS AGAINST BARS

PERI:

(CALLS) Hello? Help needed in here. Is anyone there? (TO HOUDINI) Looks like you were right. We're all alone.

HOUDINI:

Time for me to get to work, then.

FX: HOUDINI ATTACKS THE LOCK OF HIS CELL WITH A PICK

PERI:

Is that...? You managed to smuggle in a lock pick? From everything I'd heard about you, why am I even surprised?

HOUDINI:

Can you keep a secret? They never check under the tongue.

PERI:

You came prepared.

HOUDINI:

I find it pays, and never more than when the Doctor bursts into my life. (EXAMINING LOCK) Hmm. Standard cast iron mechanism with three brass lever tumblers. Like they're hardly even trying.

PERI:

Are you sure this is wise?

HOUDINI:

I don't see anyone coming to rescue us.

PERI:

But even if - I mean, when - you get these gates open, we'll be in the middle of a German army base. Full of German soldiers. With guns.

HOUDINI:

They won't harm me. For some reason, they want me alive.

PERI:

Well, bully for you.

HOUDINI:

Look. You're American, right? Of course you are. Born in the future? It's OK, I know the Doctor of old. He usually has a beautiful girl beside him.

PERI:

Charmed, I'm sure.

HOUDINI:

And they always know my name. So, you must know I don't die today. Tell me I'm wrong.

PERI:

I... I'm not sure it works like...

FX: HOUDINI SPRINGS LOCK, OPENS CELL GATE

HOUDINI:

They haven't built the prison that can hold the Great Houdini. I'm getting out of here, Miss Brown. I'm getting off this base and clean away from this misbegotten country - and I'm taking you with me.

27. BRANDT'S OFFICE

BRANDT:

I encountered Houdini in Munich, a decade ago. Already, he was billed as 'the Handcuff King'. He had issued a challenge to local law-enforcement.

DOCTOR:

I can see where this is going.

BRANDT:

I shackled him myself, before the national press. The locks were the most robust created by German engineering, tested thoroughly. I had the springs tightened. No man could have opened those cuffs.

DOCTOR:

And yet...

BRANDT:

Hardly had I glanced away when they clattered to the floor. I could feel the crowd's eyes upon me. Reporters, peers, subordinates, strangers. They questioned my competence - worse even, my integrity.

SMITH:

Many people believe that Houdini has genuine powers.

DOCTOR:

A charge he vehemently denies. But then, what stage magician confesses to being a trickster?

BRANDT:

Quite so, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Unless such talk itself is misdirection.

BRANDT:

I monitored his exploits - like you, convinced that he possessed secrets worth knowing. I saw no chance, however, to test that supposition. Until, four months ago, I was summoned to the Kriegsministerium.

DOCTOR:

To be told, perchance, of a new advance in technology?

BRANDT:

I cannot speak of that.

DOCTOR:

I've seen your Gateways, though. Two of them.

BRANDT:

Then imagine, Doctor, what an army might achieve with a worldwide Gateway network.

DOCTOR:

You could send a battalion - a regiment - to any major city in the blink of an eye. You'd win the war in a matter of days. Therefore, you don't have such a network yet. How many Gateways do you have?

BRANDT:

Too few. Each one a tremendous drain on our power.

DOCTOR:

And unpredictable to boot.

BRANDT:

We were able to open a route to New York City - to coordinates supplied by an agent there, Herr Schmidt. The decision was not mine alone, but I gladly supported it.

SMITH:

The colonel asked us to monitor Houdini, and to look for a chink in his security.

BRANDT:

You understand, for more than personal reasons. Whatever else might be true about him, he has lifted American morale. Imagine their reaction upon hearing that their hero has performed his greatest ever vanishing trick.

DOCTOR:

You'll take this chance to question him, of course.

BRANDT:

No longer do I imagine Houdini's magic to be real. Now, I have a more rational explanation. Surely he has discovered the same technology as we have.

DOCTOR:

Only he seems to exercise much greater control over it.

28. THE MILITARY BASE - EXTERIOR

FX: A GUARD PATROL TRAMPS PAST

PERI:

(HUSHED) I still say this is a bad idea. The Doctor probably has a plan.

HOUDINI:

(HUSHED) The Doctor betrayed me, Miss Brown. You too. I would have gotten you out of that warehouse. Forgive me if I don't wait on the Doctor's approval.

PERI:

I don't blame you for feeling that way. I just think...

HOUDINI:

How long have you known him?

PERI:

(EVASIVE) The Doctor? Some time. Not as long as you have, by the sound of it.

HOUDINI:

I knew a... different Doctor. In fact, I've known several. Different faces, different voices, whole different personalities. One thing, they all had in common. Those Doctors, I trusted. This one...

PERI:

I'm sure he's the same guy, deep down.

HOUDINI:

What if he isn't? What if the change... What if, this time, it went wrong? You know what I'm talking about.

FX: A BIPLANE TAKES OFF, NOT FAR AWAY; HOUDINI SCAMPERS FORWARD, PERI HURRYING AFTER HIM

PERI:

Say you're right. Say the Doctor isn't himself. He's been hypnotised or body-snatched or... Shouldn't we give him the benefit of the doubt? Try to help him?

HOUDINI:

Uh-uh. I've only room for one passenger on this trip.

FX: THEY COME TO REST AGAIN

PERI:

You make it sound like... (REALISING) You aren't seriously thinking of taking one of those biplanes?

HOUDINI:

See that? Proof that beauty can come from even the Kaiser's factories - and just sitting there, unattended, waiting to take us on the ride of our lives.

29. OUTSIDE BRANDT'S OFFICE

FX: BRANDT, THE DOCTOR, SMITH EMERGE FROM THE BUILDING; A WAITING CAR STARTS UP

BRANDT:

My driver will return you to the hangar.

DOCTOR:

Already? Colonel, I can still be of assistance.

BRANDT:

You have done enough, Doctor. For one day, at least. I believe it is late in America. Frau Schmidt - next time, I hope to be able to meet your husband.

SMITH:

(SHORT) Yes. Perhaps.

FX: SHE GETS INTO THE CAR

DOCTOR:

(HURRIED) Just one thing, Oberst Brandt. Peri. She is an innocent in all this.

BRANDT:

That may well be. But she has seen too much to simply walk free.

DOCTOR:

I understand. But if I have earned one small consideration from you, might I be permitted to see her? For a moment, before I leave her behind? I just want to tell her I'm sorry.

30. OUT ON THE AIRFIELD

FX: A BIPLANE TAXIS AWAY; PERI AND HOUDINI RUN UP

HOUDINI:

I'll take the controls. I need you to start the engine.

FX: HE CLAMBERS INTO ANOTHER PLANE

PERI:

You expect me to know how to- [do that?]

HOUDINI:

I mean swing the propeller.

PERI:

Oh, this plan gets better and better.

FX: SHE HURRIES AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE PLANE

HOUDINI:

Brakes set. It should be safe enough. Step as far back as your arms can reach. And use both hands.

FX: THE PROPELLER CLICKS AS PERI PUSHES IT THROUGH SEVERAL HALF-TURNS

PERI:

(WITH EFFORT) Where I come from, this junk heap would be in a museum.

FX: HOUDINI FLICKS A SWITCH

HOUDINI:

Master switch on. Fuel gauge reading full. Wind direction (BEAT) feels like west-south-west to me.

PERI:

Because nothing inspires confidence like licking your finger and holding it up in the air.

FX: THE ENGINE CATCHES AND STARTS; A SOLDIER RUNS UP FROM SOME DISTANCE AWAY

GERMAN SOLDIER:

(SHOUTS) You over there. Halt.

HOUDINI:

So much for the pre-flight checks. Crossed fingers will have to be enough. (CALLS) Chocks away, Miss Brown, quick as you please - and let's get this baby airborne.

FX: HE OPENS THE THROTTLE, REVVING UP THE ENGINE

31. OUTSIDE THE GUARDHOUSE

FX: SOLDIERS RUN ABOUT; CAR PULLS UP, CARRYING THE DOCTOR AND SMITH, KEEP ENGINE RUNNING

SMITH:

What's happening? (CALLS) Someone tell me what's happening here.

DOCTOR:

(WORRIED) If I had to guess, I'd say the guardhouse staff have just learned what Harry Houdini is famous for.

32. ABOARD THE BIPLANE

FX: SOLDIERS RUN UP FROM ALL DIRECTIONS; HOUDINI TAXIS AWAY, AS PERI SCRAMBLES INTO THE REAR COCKPIT

PERI:

(OVER ENGINE) Hey! One foot still trailing out of the cockpit behind you.

HOUDINI:

(OVER ENGINE) Try not to shift about back there, Miss Brown. You're throwing us off-balance.

PERI:

Have you actually done this before?

HOUDINI:

Have I? Brush up on your history. I'm Harry Houdini. I made the first controlled powered flight in Australia. Seven and a half minutes in the air.

PERI:

Again, you know how to reassure a girl. I guess I don't get a helmet or a parachute.

FX: HOUDINI BRINGS THE TAXIING PLANE AROUND

Now what are you doing? Why are we turning round?

HOUDINI:

West-south-west. We need to catch the wind or we aren't getting off the ground. How much do you weigh?

PERI:

You're asking me now? You're taking us back towards the soldiers. They're- (CRIES) Look out. There's a truck to our right.

FX: OVER THE BIPLANE ENGINE, AN ARMOURED TRUCK COMES ALONGSIDE, TYRES SQUEALING

HOUDINI:

(CRIES) Don't worry. They can't match speed with us for long. Fence coming up ahead. They'll have to swerve.

FX: TWO SHOTS FIRED FROM TRUCK

PERI:

(STRAINED) They'll kill us first. Put the brakes on this thing right now and let me out of here.

HOUDINI:

(OVER HER) A few more seconds.

FX: ANOTHER SHOT FIRED; TRUCK PEELS AWAY

PERI:

(OVER HIM) I mean it. I— (GASPS) It's the Doctor! Look out! We're going to hit him!

HOUDINI:

(OVER HER) I won't let him stop me again.

PERI:

(OVER HIM) Give me that stick. We have to turn.

HOUDINI:

(OVER HER) Too late. We're lifting off.

FX: BIPLANE ENGINE ROARS AS IT TAKES OFF, AND CROSS TO...

33. THE AIRFIELD [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THE BIPLANE TAKES OFF, RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS; SMITH RUNS UP TO THE DOCTOR AS IT FLIES AWAY

SMITH:

Doctor! Are you hurt? What did you think you were doing?

DOCTOR:

(RUEFUL) I thought a former friend might balk at running me over.

SMITH:

If that propeller had struck you...

FX: DOCTOR PICKS HIMSELF UP FROM THE GROUND

DOCTOR:

I'm fine. A few abrasions to the elbows and knees from a less-than-graceful dive. A more sizeable dent to my faith in human nature.

34. ABOARD THE BIPLANE

FX: IN FLIGHT, ENGINE ROARING

HOUDINI:

(OVER ENGINE) We did it. Up and away.

PERI:

(OVER ENGINE) Excuse me if I don't celebrate yet.

HOUDINI:

I don't see any planes behind us. Do you?

PERI:

You don't want to make me turn my head right now. Is this much turbulence normal?

HOUDINI:

You haven't flown before?

PERI:

Not with the wind blasting in my face and a fuselage rattling itself to pieces around me. I prefer my airplanes with in-flight meals and heated napkins.

HOUDINI:

Then you haven't flown before. If you want a distraction, retune the radio in front of you.

PERI:

Sure. You got a preference? Perhaps a little light music to fly to?

HOUDINI:

Try to find an Allied frequency. A bomber or reconnaissance plane behind the lines. Tell them who we are and where we're headed. So, if they see the Iron Cross coming at them on the side of an Albatross, they won't just— [shoot us down.]

PERI:

Wait. Wait, first of all - this plane is called an Albatross? That bodes well. And secondly - we're headed to where? The Western Front?

HOUDINI:

As close as we can get. I'm not sure how good our range is. If we're lucky, we can make it out of Germany.

PERI:

(BARELY CONTROLLED) Harry. Can I call you Harry? Since we're probably about to die together...

HOUDINI:

Hold that thought. I see something... Shapes ahead of us. Too big to be birds, but with the glare of the sun in my eyes, I can't make out...

PERI:

Biplanes. Two of them. Somehow I don't think they're the good guys. You were saying, about the Iron Cross?

35. ARMY BASE: THE HANGAR

FX: GATEWAY OPEN, MACHINES IN OPERATION AS BEFORE; DOOR ROLLS OPEN, BRANDT MARCHES IN, UP TO HARTMANN

BRANDT:

(CALLS AHEAD) Report. How many made it through?

HARTMANN:

Friedrich Two and Friedrich Nine report successful transfers, sir. No contact yet from Friedrich Three or Friedrich Five.

BRANDT:

Two out of four. A better survival rate than normal. Have they sighted our escapees yet?

HARTMANN:

Wait. Friedrich Five... (LISTENS THROUGH HEADPHONES) has emerged from Gateway Six, but with damage to one of his wings. Aborting takeoff.

BRANDT:

(IMPATIENT) I asked about the escapees, Hartmann.

HARTMANN:

Friedrich Nine is reporting in again... Yes... yes, he has eyes on the target plane, and requesting orders, sir.

BRANDT:

I want Houdini alive. But he will not make a mockery of me and everything this uniform stands for. Tell our pilots to bring that Albatross down. In one piece if they can - but bring it down.

36. ABOARD THE BIPLANE

PERI:

(OVER ENGINE) Tell me you can shake them off - pioneering aviator and all that.

HOUDINI:

(OVER ENGINE) I can try, but they have the wind in their favour. Where the devil did they come from?

PERI:

Don't ask me. Perhaps they were out on patrol or... Does it matter? They're right on top of us.

FX: THE OTHER TWO PLANES ZOOM BY, ONE FIRING A MACHINE-GUN BURST

HOUDINI:

I hope you managed to fasten that seatbelt.

FX: ENGINES STRAIN AS THE BIPLANE LOOPS

PERI:

What are you...? Oh, no. Not upside-down. No, Harry, you can't... (CATCHES BREATH AS GRAVITY PUSHES DOWN ON HER)

HOUDINI:

Expecting us to turn tail... Let's see how they like this instead... The old barrel roll attack.

FX: HOUDINI FIRES A MACHINE-GUN AT THE OTHER PLANES

(JUBILANT) Did you see that, Miss Brown? Miss Brown!

PERI:

Eyes shut the whole time.

FX: THREE PLANES CIRCLE EACH OTHER

HOUDINI:

I think I got one of them. I did. I know I did. See him clutching at his shoulder?

PERI:

You shot the pilot? I thought you were aiming at the planes... Why are we turning round? We'd made it past them. Why not keep on going?

FX: MORE GUNFIRE FROM ONE OF THEIR ATTACKERS; HOUDINI FIRES BACK

HOUDINI:

They'd ride our tail all the way home. Best to press our advantage while we have it.

PERI:

Some advantage. Two to one.

HOUDINI:

But one can't handle his stick and shoot at us one-handed. You see? He's peeling away. Flying back to base with his tail between his legs, while he can still manage a controlled landing.

PERI:

You're enjoying this, aren't you?

HOUDINI:

An aerial dogfight? Pitting my skills against a pair of enemy aces with the fate of the world at stake? I've dreamt about this half my life.

PERI:

Funny, that. I dream of living to a ripe old- Harry!

FX: THE OTHER PLANE DROPS ONTO THEIR TAIL, FIRING

HOUDINI:

Damn. I let the other one distract me. Didn't see that stall turn coming. It's over to you, Miss Brown. You have a machine-gun back there. Use it.

PERI:

I couldn't. I...

FX: ANOTHER BURST OF GUNFIRE FROM BEHIND

HOUDINI:

This is no time to be squeamish. We're fighting a war. The Great War. Kill or be killed. Don't fret too much about trying to aim. Just keep your head down and squeeze that trigger.

PERI:

(THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) Did I mention how much I hate this?

FX: SHE LOOSES OFF A BURST FROM HER MACHINE-GUN; RETURN FIRE RIPS THROUGH THEIR FUSELAGE; HOUDINI PUSHES THEIR PLANE INTO A STEEP DIVE

(CRIES) Harry!

HOUDINI:

All right. Plan B. Defensive spiral.

PERI:

(PITCH RISING IN PANIC) You call this a plan? How is this different from a high-speed plummet to our deaths?

HOUDINI:

The difference is, we pull out of the dive before we hit, and hope our pursuer overshoots us. That or he chickens out early, and we wind up on his tail instead.

FX: ENGINE SCREAMS AS THE PLANE RISES SHARPLY

PERI:

(STRAINING WITH G-FORCE AGAIN) What if he does neither?

HOUDINI:

(SHAKEN FOR THE FIRST TIME) That... that should have worked. Why didn't that work?

PERI:

I'm guessing they're called 'aces' for a reason.

HOUDINI:

I can't... can't do it. Can't shake him off. What do I do?

PERI:

Give me that shirt, and I'll wave it like a flag. Or - you're a magician - how about a big white handkerchief?

FX: THEIR PURSUER PEELS AWAY FROM THEM

HOUDINI:

He's peeling off. I don't get it. He had us dead to rights. Why didn't he take his shot?

PERI:

(NERVOUS) Perhaps he knew he'd already done enough damage. Harry, I see daylight through the wings.

FX: ENGINE STRAINED AGAIN, AS HOUDINI WRESTLES WITH THE CONTROLS

HOUDINI:

That ain't the worst of it. I figure a few of those bullets clipped our tail. This thing is handling like a rodeo bull. It's all I can do to keep from tipping over.

PERI:

Can you get us down?

HOUDINI:

Oh, I'd say definitely. Couldn't keep the nose up even if I wanted to. We're losing altitude fast.

PERI:

I meant, in one piece?

HOUDINI:

I can't rightly promise you that. Hold on, Miss Brown. For dear life.

FX: THE PLANE MAKES A VIOLENT LANDING, TYRES SQUEALING, FUSELAGE STRAINING; CUT AWAY WHILE WE'RE STILL WONDERING IF IT'LL MAKE IT DOWN IN ONE PIECE

37. THE ARMY BASE

FX: A CONVOY OF CARS AND MOTORBIKES HEADS OFF; THE DOCTOR AND SMITH HURRY UP TO US

SMITH:

(BREATHLESS) Where do you think they're going?

DOCTOR:

You tell me, Mrs Smith. You saw those fighter planes taxiing into the hangar. All four of them.

FX: HE POPS OPEN THE HOOD OF A STATIONARY CAR AND FIDDLES WITH THE ENGINE

SMITH:

You think they...? (TAILS OFF, TAKING IT IN)

DOCTOR:

Either there was quite a pile-up in there, or they passed through the Gateway. (DISTRACTED BY WORK) New York is Station Four. That means there are others.

SMITH:

You know this is none of our business.

DOCTOR:

If I kept to my own business, I'd have far fewer books backed up to read. That ought to do it. Try the starter button, would you?

SMITH:

Are you serious? You're stealing this car?

FX: DOCTOR SLAMS DOWN HOOD, HURRIES ROUND, GETS INTO OPEN-TOPPED CAR

DOCTOR:

I just repaired it for them, didn't I? No one can begrudge me a test drive - especially since my efforts to hitch a lift have been rudely ignored.

FX: HE STARTS THE ENGINE

Well? Are you getting in? (BEAT) My guess is, those biplanes used the Gateways to get ahead of Harry. If they haven't already shot him down, they will - or they'll turn him back. Brandt knows that. That's why he's sent out a search party.

SMITH:

(PERSUADING HERSELF) The colonel can't object to more pairs of eyes on the ground.

FX: SMITH RUNS ROUND THE CAR, GETS IN THE OTHER SIDE

DOCTOR:

It was you, after all, who brought his prisoners to him. Not your husband. I'd say this is very much your business. If you want it to be.

FX: THE DOCTOR CRUNCHES GEARS, SETS OFF IN REVERSE, BRAKES SWIFTLY

SMITH:

(RATTLED) Try the other way, Doctor. The way the car is pointing. You do know how to drive?

DOCTOR:

Teething problems. Don't worry. I actually have quite a knack with vintage roadsters.

SMITH:

Vintage?

FX: THE CAR PULLS AWAY FROM US

38. THE GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE

FX: THE BIPLANE SITS HERE, ITS BROKEN FUSELAGE CREAKING AS IT SETTLES; HOUDINI HELPS PERI DOWN FROM THE COCKPIT

HOUDINI:

Let me help you down.

PERI:

(SPLUTTERING, DISORIENTED) Did we make it? Terra Firma? I can't see a thing through all this smoke... If this is the ground, how come I feel it spinning?

HOUDINI:

Miss Brown, I... can't tell you how sorry I am.

PERI:

Not quite how your boyhood dreams played out, huh?

HOUDINI:

This plane was built for recon. I'm sure it has no interrupter fitted. Half my shots ricocheted off my own propeller. I'd have beaten that guy in a fair fight.

PERI:

(SIGHS) On the plus side, even I know the adage about 'any landing you can walk away from'.

FX: THE OTHER BIPLANE CIRCLES OVERHEAD

Is that...?

HOUDINI:

(BITTER) Our opponent. Making a victory lap. He'll have radioed back to the army base by now. As long as he can see us from the air, he can guide a search party to us.

FX: HE BUNDLES HER AWAY, ACROSS GRASS

PERI:

So, what do we do? Where are we going?

HOUDINI:

There are trees to the east of here, and a city beyond them. Berlin, I think. I saw it on the way down. No more than ten miles away. I speak German. If we can make it there, we can get lost in the crowd.

PERI:

Wait a minute. Ten miles?

HOUDINI:

It may be as little as seven or eight.

FX: THEY STUMBLE AWAY FROM US

39. A CAR, TRAVELLING THROUGH THE GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE

SMITH:

Take this, Doctor. It's my husband's revolver.

DOCTOR:

No, thank you.

SMITH:

He gave it to me after he fell ill, but I've never felt comfortable handling it.

DOCTOR:

Quite right. Guns cause more problems than they solve.

FX: SMITH LOADS THE REVOLVER, CLUMSILY

SMITH:

This one might solve our current problem. Houdini is dangerous. He tried to kill you with that plane. He pulled a gun on both of us in New York.

DOCTOR:

He wasn't the only one. Harry isn't thinking straight. It's one thing fighting for his life, but he thinks he's fighting for a cause, for something bigger than himself.

SMITH:

Precisely. And he'll be more desperate than ever - especially if he finds himself cornered. Please, Doctor, take the gun. I'd feel much happier if you could defend yourself. I'd feel safer.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Very well. If you insist.

FX: HE TAKES THE GUN

40. A WOODED AREA

FX: PERI AND HOUDINI SCRAMBLE THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH;
PERI TRIPS AND FALLS

PERI:
(CRIES OUT)

HOUDINI:
Miss Brown!

FX: HOUDINI HAULS PERI TO HER FEET

PERI:
(ANGRY) That's it. That is enough.

HOUDINI:
Can you still walk? We have to— [keep moving.]

PERI:
Don't you dare say 'keep moving'. You've been saying that ever since the guardhouse, and look where it's got us.

HOUDINI:
At least we're free.

PERI:
That's what you call it? Scrambling through the woods, wading through streams to throw off dogs... I just clambered from an airplane wreck, and my hair has been parted in fashionably new ways by bullets. And this - all this - for the sake of your bloated ego, because you have to be 'the Great Escaper'.

HOUDINI:
I said I was sorry.

PERI:
You might believe you're invincible, but I certainly am not, and this isn't some *Boy's Own* adventure.

HOUDINI:
(SNAPS) You think I don't know that? You think my life didn't pass before my eyes in that cockpit too? But we're here. By some miracle, we've made it this far, and that has to count for something.

PERI:
I'm tired and I'm bruised. My head is spinning.

HOUDINI:
A few more miles.

PERI:
And each step takes us further away from the Doctor. And the TARDIS. You know about the TARDIS, right?

HOUDINI:
That is partly the point.

PERI:
(CALMER, RESIGNED) I can't go on, Harry. I don't have your superhuman endurance, and even if I did..

HOUDINI:
You're giving up. You're staying behind.

PERI:
And I need you to stay with me. Please, Harry. They won't believe I don't know how your tricks work. I need you to talk to them, convince them. Tell them the truth.

HOUDINI:
I can't. I just.. I can't.

FX: IN THE DISTANCE, HUNTING DOGS APPROACH, BARKING

PERI:
We've run out of chances, Harry. And I'd rather be a prisoner than a corpse.

HOUDINI:
Then that is where we differ - because I will do anything, risk death itself, rather than be caged.

PERI:
For my sake, Harry. (CRIES) Harry, please!

FX: HE RUNS AWAY FROM HER, AS THE BARKING DOGS ARRIVE

END PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE

PERI:

(CALMER, RESIGNED) I can't go on, Harry. I don't have your superhuman endurance, and even if I did..

HOUDINI:

You're giving up. You're staying behind.

PERI:

And I need you to stay with me. Please, Harry. They won't believe I don't know how your tricks work. I need you to talk to them, convince them. Tell them the truth.

HOUDINI:

I can't. I just.. I can't.

FX: *IN THE DISTANCE, HUNTING DOGS APPROACH, BARKING*

PERI:

We've run out of chances, Harry. And I'd rather be a prisoner than a corpse.

HOUDINI:

Then that is where we differ - because I will do anything, risk death itself, rather than be caged.

PERI:

For my sake, Harry. (CRIES) Harry, please!

FX: *HE RUNS AWAY FROM HER, AS THE BARKING DOGS ARRIVE*

CROSS TO:

41. THE STREETS OF BERLIN, MID-AFTERNOON

FX: *BUSY-ISH STREETS, HORSE-DRAWN CARTS PASSING; THE DOCTOR AND SMITH GET OUT OF THEIR PARKED CAR AND WALK*

BERLINERS (WILDTRACK):
(JOYLESS CHATTER)

SMITH:

You really think they're here?

DOCTOR:

If I were Harry, I'd have made for the city. Brandt thinks so too. Hence the soldiers on every street corner.

SMITH:

This is Berlin, Doctor. There are always soldiers.

FX: TWO SOLDIERS MARCH PAST THEM

DOCTOR:

We should ask if there have been any reports. (CALLS)
Excuse me.

SMITH:

(HISSES URGENTLY) Keep your voice down. An Englishman here could find himself lynched.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I can fit in anywhere. Besides which, look around you, Mrs Smith. I don't discern much patriotic fervour.

SMITH:

(DOUBTFUL) The last time I saw pictures of this city, flags flew from every window.

DOCTOR:

I don't expect they showed that either: queues already forming for tomorrow's delivery of food. These people are weary. War-weary. They're beginning to wonder what they're fighting for.

SMITH:

That will change. Once we start winning again.

DOCTOR:

Do you really believe that?

42. A BERLIN HALLWAY/KITCHEN

HAUSFRAU:

(AFRAID) I know you're in there. I can hear you. My husband is upstairs. (CALLS) Dieter!

FX: SHE PUSHES OPEN THE KITCHEN DOOR; HOUDINI ON THE OTHER SIDE

HOUDINI:

Please, don't be afraid. Put down the broom. It's impossible to get a good swing with those things, anyway.

HAUSFRAU:

Who are you? What do you want?

HOUDINI:

Is your husband really here? Or did they send him off to fight? I just needed food. And water.

HAUSFRAU:

So, you stole my ration of bread?

HOUDINI:

It was stale. But I'll pay you for it. Ten times its worth. Not now, but I have your address. Once I'm back in the... (CORRECTS HIMSELF) back home, I'll- No. Don't.

FX: HAUSFRAU TURNS, RUNS THROUGH THE HALLWAY; HOUDINI RUNS AFTER HER, TACKLES HER

HAUSFRAU:

(CRIES) Intruder! Help, police! (SHRIEKS)

FX: THEY CRASH TO THE FLOOR

43. THE STREETS OF BERLIN

FX: THE DOCTOR AND SMITH EMERGE FROM A POLICE STATION, HURRY DOWN STEPS, WALK TOGETHER

SMITH:

You overheard all that?

DOCTOR:

Busy keeping my mouth shut, as requested. And examining the city map in the waiting area.

SMITH:

Houdini has been sighted in the Tempelhof district.

DOCTOR:

The desk officer told you that?

SMITH:

Once I dropped Brandt's name. They've sent every available man down there. If we take the car, we might witness his recapture.

DOCTOR:

No mention of Peri, I take it.

SMITH:

Sorry. Either they don't consider her important or..

DOCTOR:

She never made it this far.

FX: HE BRINGS THEM TO A HALT

There hasn't been time to issue photographs. How famous is Houdini in Berlin? Who would know his face on sight?

SMITH:

You can see the warning posters. Very much like those in America. Anyone would report a man acting suspiciously.

DOCTOR:

My point exactly. Houdini is a master of misdirection. I'd be disappointed if he were 'acting suspiciously'.

SMITH:

He must be tired. Bedraggled. Possibly hurt.

DOCTOR:

Hence, the first thing he would do is change his clothes. A middle-aged man, five foot two, dark hair, blue-grey eyes. The only reason he'd stand out is if he wanted to.

SMITH:

What are you thinking?

DOCTOR:

We know where Harry's plane came down, so roughly where he entered the city. We know where he'd like us to search for him - which further suggests that he doesn't plan to lay low. Yes. This way, I think.

FX: HE HURRIES AWAY, SMITH FOLLOWING

44. A BERLIN HALLWAY

HOUDINI:

(GETTING BREATH BACK; TO UNCONSCIOUS HAUSFRAU/SELF)
Sorry. I swear, I never punched a lady in the face
before. You should have backed off when I asked you.

FX: GERMAN POLICE OFFICER HAMMERS AT THE DOOR

GERMAN POLICE OFFICER:

Landespolizei. Open this door.

HOUDINI:

(TO SELF) Now what do I do?

FX: HE HURRIES TO DOOR, OPENS IT

(GERMAN ACCENT) Thank heaven you're here. It's my wife.
She disturbed an intruder. A food thief. He punched her
right in the face. What kind of an animal does that?

FX: TWO POLICE OFFICERS PUSH PAST HIM

He ran out the back when he saw me coming downstairs.
Big, swarthy-looking guy. You'll catch him if you hurry.

FX: ONE OFFICER RUNS OFF, THE OTHER TURNS BACK

GERMAN POLICE OFFICER:

You said this is your wife, sir?

HOUDINI:

That's right. I'm Dieter, uh, Rahner.

GERMAN POLICE OFFICER:

Dieter Schreiber was drafted at the outset of the war. He
died on the banks of the River Somme last year.

HOUDINI:

(OWN ACCENT, RESIGNED) A friend of yours, huh?

GERMAN POLICE OFFICER:

You're under arrest.

HOUDINI:

OK. That's fair enough. (GRUNTS AS...)

FX: OFFICER TURNS HIM ROUND, FUMBLES TO APPLY OLD, CHAIN
CONNECTED HANDCUFFS; ONE CUFF SNAPS SHUT

You seem to be having some trouble back there.

GERMAN POLICE OFFICER:
What... what the...?

FX: HOUDINI SQUIRMS IN THE OFFICER'S GRIP

HOUDINI:
You see, the mistake you've made is, you've cuffed your wrist instead of mine. (CONCENTRATING) Let me see if I can... Yeah, that ought to do the trick...

FX: HE LOOPS THE CHAIN AROUND A HEATING PIPE, CUFFS THE OFFICER'S OTHER WRIST; OFFICER STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE

GERMAN POLICE OFFICER:
(FRUSTRATED GRUNTS)

HOUDINI:
No, that's not right either. You know what? I'm only making things worse here. I'll just leave you to it.

FX: HE RUNS OUT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

GERMAN POLICE OFFICER:
Come back. I order you to come back here - in the name of the law.

FX: REDOUBLES HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE HANDCUFF CHAIN

45. THE ARMY BASE: ANOTHER HANGAR

FX: HANGAR DOOR ROLLS OPEN; TWO SOLDIERS DRAG PERI IN AND UP TO BRANDT

PERI:

(STRUGGLING) All right, you don't need to manhandle me. I can walk on my two feet.

BRANDT:

Fräulein Brown. Welcome back.

PERI:

Oh, it's you again.

BRANDT:

(TO SOLDIERS) You can let her go. For now. (TO PERI) You recognise the apparatus behind me?

FX: THE SOLDIERS STEP BACK

PERI:

Big water tank. Sure.

BRANDT:

But one with a difference. I believe your employer christened this the Chinese Water Torture Cell.

PERI:

(NERVOUS) That water tank. Right. How did you...?

BRANDT:

A replica, of course. Constructed from hundreds of photographs and close-up descriptions. Perfect, I believe, in every visible detail.

PERI:

You want Harry to sign it for you or something?

BRANDT:

I had my engineers construct this apparatus - then find a way out of it.

PERI:

I'm guessing they failed.

BRANDT:

Escape from the tank, they assure me, is impossible. But you and I - and the American public - know different.

FX: HE WALKS CLOSER TO HER, OVERBEARING

You will show me the secret of the water tank, Fräulein Brown - or you will drown in it.

46. A TRAIN STATION PLATFORM

FX: QUIET; A STATION CLOCK TICKS; HOUDINI SITS ON A BENCH, A NEWSPAPER RUSTLING IN HIS HANDS; THE DOCTOR WALKS UP, SITS BESIDE HIM

DOCTOR:

May I see that paper when you've finished with it? (BEAT)
On second thoughts, perhaps not. If the news these days isn't depressing, it's probably untrue.

FX: HOUDINI PUTS DOWN THE PAPER

HOUDINI:

(RESIGNED) And often both.

DOCTOR:

Hello, Harry.

HOUDINI:

How did you find me? My run-in with the police, I guess. For want of a hunk of stale bread... I gambled on being long gone before anyone came to investigate.

DOCTOR:

I was in the area.

HOUDINI:

Alone?

DOCTOR:

Mrs Smith is fetching help. She should be here before the next train arrives. She left me a gun in case she isn't. I don't plan to use it.

HOUDINI:

I'd have made it, you know. The train should be busy enough at this time. I'd have lifted a ticket, maybe even identity papers, from one of the passengers.

DOCTOR:

I can explain, if you'll listen.

HOUDINI:

I don't need an explanation. It wouldn't change what happens next.

DOCTOR:

I'm glad you understand that.

HOUDINI:

You ain't catching my drift. No one is taking me anywhere. Not while I have this.

FX: HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET, PULLING A REVOLVER

DOCTOR:

(AFFRONTED) You picked my pocket!

HOUDINI:

Turnabout is fair play, Doctor. Three minutes until my train arrives. Looks like Smith won't be here in time. The only question is, what do I do with you?

47. THE SECOND HANGAR

FX: TWO SOLDIERS LOCK PERI'S FEET INTO STOCKS, ATTACHING CHAINS (THE SAME AS WE HEARD IN SCENE 3)

PERI:

No. Wait. Brandt, listen to me.

BRANDT:

Address me as 'Oberst'. Or 'colonel', in your language.

PERI:

There's a reason no one does this trick but Harry. No one can hold their breath like he can - and no one else knows the torture cell's secrets.

BRANDT:

Then tell me what you do know. Else Herr Houdini surely will, and you will have died for nothing.

PERI:

You'll have to find him first.

BRANDT:

He is being returned to this base as we speak.

FX: FOR THIS NEXT LINE ONLY, PERI SPEAKS WITH TWO VOICES IN UNISON; THE SECOND IS THAT OF HER TRUE ALIEN SELF, ONLY JUST DISCERNIBLE

PERI & ALIEN:

(DROPPING THE ACT FOR THE FIRST TIME; THIS ISN'T JUST BLUSTER, SHE KNOWS) That is a lie.

FX: THE SOLDIERS STEP BACK, WORK DONE

BRANDT:

Your feet are locked into the stocks. Now, we simply winch you up into the air- [CONTINUES]

FX: SOLDIER TURNS A WINCH, CHAINS TIGHTEN, PERI IS LIFTED

PERI:

(GASPS OF DISCOMFORT, ALARM)

BRANDT:

-and lower you headfirst into the water. The stocks themselves become the lid of the tank, leaving you with only the oxygen in your lungs. Talk to me, Fräulein Brown, while you can. Once you are submerged..

PERI:

All right, I'll talk. I'll tell you what you want to know. I'll tell you all about the Estrati. How one of them came to Earth and— [met Harry Houdini.]

BRANDT:

Wait. We should be alone for this.

FX: THE TWO SOLDIERS SNAP TO ATTENTION, MARCH OUT; PERI STILL HANGING UPSIDE-DOWN, CHAINS CREAKING A LITTLE

PERI:

Can't they let me down first? It's kind of hard to think with most of my blood in my head.

BRANDT:

Start from the beginning, Fräulein Brown, and tell me everything. Tell me about the aliens.

48. THE TRAIN STATION

DOCTOR:

Listen to me, Harry. I'm your friend.

HOUDINI:

I thought so too. That must have been some other guy.

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't have deceived you if there'd been another way. We were being watched the whole time in New York.

HOUDINI:

On the stage? In that alleyway, after you knocked out the spy? Climbing through the warehouse window?

DOCTOR:

'Loose lips might sink ships'.

HOUDINI:

After all we've been through together. The Ovids. The Kleptons. I saved you from a Selachian mind bomb. You could have trusted me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Could I? (SIGHS) I told you the outcome of the war depends on you. That much was true.

HOUDINI:

A German victory, you mean.

DOCTOR:

You've seen the technology they have. It drew the TARDIS off-course. Peri and I became their prisoners.

HOUDINI:

So, you didn't give them the Gateways?

DOCTOR:

Why would they need you, if I had? They think you can help them, Harry. But even without you, they're close to making a breakthrough. Far too close.

HOUDINI:

What does that make me? A distraction?

DOCTOR:

It was Smith who blurted out your name to me. I simply grabbed the lifeline she inadvertently provided. I played along with a lie she wanted to believe.

HOUDINI:

Same as you did to me. I can't believe I let you fool me with a tuning fork.

DOCTOR:

(FRUSTRATED) There's more at stake here than your precious ego, Harry. I'm trying to preserve the course of human history - including the fact that you aren't meant to die today.

HOUDINI:

I knew it.

DOCTOR:

Which, granted, is partially my fault. It was I who dragged you into this sorry mess. But I believed that you, only you in the world, could help me out of it. I'd forgotten how intractable and self-absorbed you can be.

HOUDINI:

You put me in a trap and expected I wouldn't do my darnedest to get out of it. Do you know me at all?

FX: A STEAM TRAIN APPROACHES THE STATION

DOCTOR:

Your train is here. Time to make a choice.

HOUDINI:

I can make a monkey out of the Kaiser and return to America a hero. Or put my life and reputation on the line, in the hope that you can pull some half-cocked plan together.

DOCTOR:

In a nutshell, yes. It all comes down to you and me, Harry. To whether or not you trust me.

FX: THE STEAM TRAIN PULLS UP BESIDE THEM

49. TOWARDS AND INTO THE TRAIN STATION [CONTINUOUS]

FX: SMITH AND TWO SOLDIERS HURRY UP TO THE STATION;
AHEAD, THE TRAIN WHISTLES AND PULLS OUT

SMITH:

We're too late. The train is pulling out. (CALLS) Doctor!

FX: FOLLOW HER THROUGH A GATE, DIRECTLY ONTO THE
PLATFORM, UP TO THE DOCTOR AND HOUDINI

(BREATHLESS) You're here. You're still here.

DOCTOR:

As I promised I would be. I have also apprehended our
fugitive.

HOUDINI:

If you didn't have that gun, it would've been a different
story.

DOCTOR:

Then it's just as well I do.

FX: SOLDIERS STEP FORWARD, SEIZE HOUDINI

(TO SOLDIERS) You should find him a little more
cooperative now. When you report to your colonel, be sure
to credit Mrs Smith for his recapture.

FX: THE SOLDIERS BUNDLE HOUDINI AWAY

50. THE SECOND HANGAR

FX: PERI STILL HANGING BY HER FEET, CHAINS CREAKING;
BRANDT CIRCLES HER RESTLESSLY

PERI:

(UNNATURALLY CALM) The story changes every time he tells it. Sometimes, he is a child in Hungary; sometimes in Appleton, New York. The young Houdini meets an alien being. One that appears human, but can alter its shape. And they become friends.

BRANDT:

(EAGER) It shares its secrets with him.

PERI:

It has a ship. It travels between dimensions. It works by tearing holes through space and time.

BRANDT:

Where is this alien now?

PERI:

It comes and goes. It likes to explore, but for some reason - this isn't always clear - it can't go home. Houdini dreams that, one day, it may take him with it.

BRANDT:

I was right, then. He escapes the torture cell by opening a Gateway inside it, hidden from his audience. He steps through crates and milk cans in the same manner.

PERI:

Sounds like you had it all worked out without me.

BRANDT:

He can even pass handcuffs through his wrists.

PERI:

But I can't do any of those things. You put me in that tank and I will die.

BRANDT:

I'm sure that's true. But, when the magician takes the stage, someone must operate his alien devices from the wings. Someone like you.

PERI:

You'd like that power, wouldn't you?

BRANDT:

For my country.

PERI:

But you'd like to hold the key to it. You'd like to show those people who say you only gained your rank in wartime, through your brother-in-law's connections.

FX: BRANDT STOPS CIRCLING, TAKES A MOMENT

BRANDT:

Houdini claimed not to remember me. Another lie?

PERI:

You'd like them to see who you really are, inside.
[CONTINUES]

PERI & ALIEN:

You'd like Magdalena to see you.

BRANDT:

(DISCONCERTED, TRYING TO HIDE IT) I'll send my men back in to unchain you. You would probably appreciate a hot meal. Then, once your employer rejoins us- [CONTINUES]

PERI:

Still optimistic about that, huh?

BRANDT:

Once he rejoins us, we will certainly talk again.

FX: HE MARCHES OUT

51. A BERLIN STREET

FX: AS PER THE START OF SCENE 41; THE DOCTOR AND SMITH WALK TO THEIR CAR; THE DOCTOR HANDS SMITH'S GUN BACK

DOCTOR:

You may as well take this back. I can't imagine needing it again.

SMITH:

I told you it would come in useful.

DOCTOR:

There's truth to the aphorism, after all. 'Might makes right'. Until your enemy builds a bigger gun.

FX: THEY GET INTO THE CAR

SMITH:

(UNSURE WHAT HE'S GETTING AT) Yes. Thank you, Doctor. Your help was invaluable. Again. I haven't even asked you why. I have my duty, but you...

DOCTOR:

I like to think I have a broader perspective.

FX: HE STARTS THE ENGINE

I wonder, Mrs Smith, have you taken a moment to think - to really think - about what the Central Powers could do with the knowledge Houdini can give them?

SMITH:

You said it yourself, in Brandt's office.

DOCTOR:

Troop movements only scratch the surface. Imagine a Gateway opening in the heart of New York. London. Paris. But imagine that Gateway, that tear in space, a hundred - a thousand - times larger than those we've seen. Imagine that city, swallowed whole.

SMITH:

They wouldn't.

DOCTOR:

You're very sure of that.

SMITH:

They wouldn't. Only if... (TRAILS OFF)

DOCTOR:

'Only if'. Ay, there's the rub.

SMITH:

I'm not sure I like what you're trying to say.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'm just asking questions. As someone who doesn't have a 'duty' to his country, I can do that. I can ask how someone who doesn't like guns can feel comfortable handing one to others.

SMITH:

Comfortable enough, Doctor, when it's for- [a cause.]

DOCTOR:

For a cause. An excellent point. For something bigger than yourself..

FX: HE DRIVES AWAY FROM US

52. THE ARMY BASE: GUARDHOUSE

FX: SOLDIERS BUNDLE HOUDINI THROUGH A BARRED GATE, AS IN SCENE 24

HOUDINI:

You've brought me back here? Are you serious? You may as well open the gate and fire a starter pistol for me.

BRANDT:

You won't escape this time, Herr Houdini.

HOUDINI:

Oh no? Doesn't look like you've changed the locks.

BRANDT:

This time, you would have to leave your assistant behind. I am holding her at an undisclosed location. Should you disappear, so too will she. I should add that I have doubled the guard on this building. Also, that Fräulein Brown has been cooperative. I may not need you as much as either of us supposed.

HOUDINI:

(RESIGNED) Yeah, that seems to cover it.

53. THE GATEWAY HANGAR

FX: USUAL MACHINERY SOUNDS, BUT GATEWAY CLOSED

HARTMANN:

(INTO RADIO) Station One to Gateway Control. Requesting connection to Station Four. Two bodies for immediate transfer. Confirm, please. Over.

DOCTOR:

(TO SMITH) Are you sure we shouldn't wait until- [we've seen Colonel Brandt?]

SMITH:

(FIRMLY, SHE'S HEARD THIS BEFORE) If Brandt wanted to see us, he would have sent for us. He knows what we did.

DOCTOR:

That isn't the point.

HARTMANN:

Acknowledged, Gateway Control. Authorisation Brandt Four Seven One Slash Samuel Ludwig. Over.

SMITH:

I understand. We've had quite an adventure today. It seems unfair that our part in it is over. You want to see it through.

DOCTOR:

Don't you?

SMITH:

We were ordered to return to New York. Time we followed that order, don't you think?

DOCTOR:

You would be the expert on duty.

FX: WIND BLOWS, PRESAGING THE GATEWAY AS IN SCENE 19

HARTMANN:

Station One to Station Four. Stand by for Gateway opening in five... four... three... two...

FX: GATEWAY TEARS OPEN; THE DOCTOR AND SMITH APPROACH IT, CAUTIOUSLY

DOCTOR:

Who goes in first this time?

SMITH:

(NERVOUS) It looks as stable as any I've seen yet.
'Straight through the centre', you said?

54. THE ARMY BASE

FX: BRANDT WATCHES AS SOLDIERS BUNDLE PERI THROUGH A CANVAS TARP, ONTO THE BACK OF AN IDLING TRUCK

PERI:

Another trip out so soon? You're spoiling me.

BRANDT:

I have something for you and Herr Houdini to see. You might find you know less than you think.

55. THE NEW YORK WAREHOUSE: MAIN STORAGE AREA

FX: FEW MACHINES ACTIVE, ONLY SMITH AND WINTER PRESENT

SMITH:

(TIRED) Can it wait, Professor Winter? It has been a long morning... night.

WINTER:

I am not sure it can.

FX: HE WAVES A PIECE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER

As you know, Mrs Smith, these instruments monitor all transfers through the Gateway. Twice now, they have registered something extremely unusual.

FX: SCRAPE OF MOVEMENT, ACROSS THE ROOM

SMITH:

(CALLS) Hello? Is someone there?

FX: FOLLOW HER TOWARDS THE NOISE; THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT

DOCTOR:

Don't shoot. It's only me.

SMITH:

(SUSPICIOUS) I thought you'd left.

DOCTOR:

I couldn't resist another look at this.

FX: HE PATS THE SIDE OF THE TARDIS

SMITH:

The cabinet? Professor Winter examined it as closely as anyone could. If there was anything to find...

DOCTOR:

I'm sure you're right. So, ah, what happens to it now?

SMITH:

The colonel might still send for it. If not... I hadn't thought. Go home, Doctor. The next scheduled Gateway opening is on Wednesday at fourteen hundred hours. We will hear news from Berlin then.

DOCTOR:

As much as we're allowed to hear.

SMITH:
Of course.

DOCTOR:
Perhaps I'll read about it in the papers instead. When a city disappears.

FX: HE WALKS AWAY; WINTER HURRIES UP

WINTER:
(HUSHED, URGENT) Mrs Smith, you must see this. I cannot explain it. The first time, I thought the machine had malfunctioned, but... Here. Here, see for yourself.

FX: HE PUSHES THE PHOTO INTO HER HANDS

It concerns our new ally, the Doctor.

56. A CAR, TRAVELLING THROUGH THE GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE

FX: CAR DRIVES

HOUDINI:

The sun's going down. It's getting late.

BRANDT:

Your point?

HOUDINI:

I have a show in Manhattan tonight. I'd hate to disappoint my audience. If your driver turns back now...

BRANDT:

You have a more pressing engagement, I'm afraid. A private performance for a few selected dignitaries.

HOUDINI:

When you put it like that... Glad to make time for my biggest fan.

BRANDT:

Your tricks may have impressed me once - before I learned how they were done.

HOUDINI:

That's what they all say. Never met a guy who honestly knew for sure, though.

BRANDT:

The one thing I cannot understand- [CONTINUES]

HOUDINI:

Just one?

BRANDT:

-is how a man could squander such power as you have on cheap theatrics. Least of all, in days like these, a man who claims to be a patriot.

HOUDINI:

(SNAPS; BRANDT HAS HIT A NERVE) You don't know the first thing about it, buddy. You've no idea what I would do for my country.

BRANDT:

Far less, I'm sure, than I hope to do for mine. You see that castle, up on the hillside there?

HOUDINI:

That's to be my venue, huh? Nice place you've chosen, at least. Renaissance, I think?

BRANDT:

That castle has stood for four hundred years, and will stand for many hundreds more. Like the Empire itself.

HOUDINI:

It looks like something out of a fairytale. One of those where the children get eaten at the end.

FX: THE CAR DRIVES ON, AWAY FROM US, FOLLOWED BY A CONVOY OF CARS AND TRUCKS

57. THE NEW YORK WATERSIDE, LATE EVENING

FX: WATER LAPS AGAINST DOCKS

REYNOLDS:

(CALLS, SOTTO VOICE) Halt. Who goes there?

FX: THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT OF HIDING

DOCTOR:

(NORMAL VOLUME) Strictly speaking, no one is going anywhere. Almost the opposite, in fact. I'm coming back.

FX: DOCTOR TAKES A STEP TOWARDS REYNOLDS, WHO STEPS BACK

REYNOLDS:

(NERVOUS) No closer.

DOCTOR:

Reynolds, isn't it? Apologies for the nerve pinch earlier. In my defence, you left me little choice. Remind me to give you some pointers, some time, on how to trail someone unnoticed. No grudges held, I hope?

REYNOLDS:

What are you doing, skulking out here in the dark?

DOCTOR:

You know how it is. Couldn't sleep. Head buzzing with the day's events. Then I thought - what happened to my umbrella? I had it when I set out this morning.

REYNOLDS:

Umbrella?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't mind, but don't you think it looks like rain? And I'm rather attached to my old brolly. It's the one thing I own that matches the coat. A quick scout around the warehouse floor - what harm could it do? It's not as if I haven't seen what you're keeping in there. I won't tell if you don't.

REYNOLDS:

(SIGHS) Five minutes. Then I come in after you.

DOCTOR:

You're a gentleman. Not to mention, I imagine, a scholar.

FX: THE DOCTOR WALKS PAST REYNOLDS, OPENS WAREHOUSE DOOR, GOES IN

REYNOLDS:

(TO SELF) So, Mrs Smith was right. He did come back.

58. A GERMAN CASTLE: COURTYARD

FX: LOW BUZZ OF HEAVY-DUTY LIGHTS; HOUDINI IS MARCHED IN, ACROSS COBBLES, BY BRANDT AND NUMEROUS SOLDIERS

HOUDINI:

It's... I haven't the words.

BRANDT:

Oh, come now, Herr Houdini. I know you have seen this vessel before.

HOUDINI:

If you say so. I'm thinking someone should put a call in to Rube Goldberg.

FX: HE TAKES A FEW STEPS CLOSER

What is it doing here? And why are you trying to turn it inside-out?

BRANDT:

The 'spaceship' (A RELATIVELY NEW WORD TO HIM) came down in the Spandauer Forest in 1911. It was brought to this castle in secret, so as not to cause a panic.

HOUDINI:

What happened to its pilot - if it had one?

BRANDT:

That, we do not know. Disintegrated in the crash, or crawled away to die in a dark hole somewhere. Unless, of course, you have a theory to add?

FX: A FEW MORE SOLDIERS WALK UP, WITH PERI

PERI:

So, this is Gateway Control.

BRANDT:

Miss Brown. I'm glad you could join us.

HOUDINI:

(CONTRITE) That goes double for me. I really mean it.

PERI:

(STUNNED, THEN ANNOYED, HER TRUE ALIEN SELF SHOWING THROUGH) Wow. Who stripped down those engine pods for you? A blind monkey with a wrench? No wonder you can't control the dimensional portals.

BRANDT:

That is why the two of you are here.

PERI:

You've torn out the guidance systems and wired them to...
(STEADYING BREATH) I'm amazed you can even run power
through that lash-up without it exploding in your faces.

BRANDT:

You will join our scientific team in the morning.
Clearly, you have much to teach them. I will arrange
quarters for you tonight - under close guard, of course.

FX: HE MARCHES OFF

HOUDINI:

(HUSHED) Nice bluffing. I guess, when you've seen inside
the TARDIS...

PERI:

(HUSHED) Yes. The technology is... somewhat similar.

HOUDINI:

Well, just to be clear, I have never seen anything like
this before in my life. Even I won't be able to bluff a
room packed with German eggheads for very long -
especially if they expect a demonstration.

PERI:

That won't be a problem.

HOUDINI:

You don't think?

PERI:

Colonel Brandt has been obsessed with your legend for
years. He will torture you - to death, perhaps - before
he accepts that you are not what he believes you are.

FX: BRANDT CALLS FROM ACROSS THE COURTYARD

BRANDT:

(CALLS) Bring the prisoners this way.

FX: SOLDIERS MARCH PERI AND HOUDINI AWAY

HOUDINI:

I guess the Doctor doesn't keep you around for your
reassuring manner. Where is the Doctor, anyway? Shouldn't
he be riding to our rescue about now?

59. THE WAREHOUSE: MAIN STORAGE AREA

FX: THE DOCTOR STEPS UP TO THE TARDIS, INSERTS HIS KEY;
SMITH STEPS OUT OF HIDING

SMITH:
Hold it right there, Doctor.

FX: FOUR SPIES STEP OUT, SURROUNDING HIM

DOCTOR:
(CHAGRINED) Mrs Smith. By any chance, do you have
bullfrog DNA? I'm beginning to think you never sleep.

SMITH:
Step away from the cabinet. Leave the key where it is, in
the lock.

DOCTOR:
That thing? Found it backstage at the theatre. Just
thought I'd try it. Doesn't work. It probably fits an old
pair of handcuffs or- [something like that.]

SMITH:
Enough lies. I know who you really are. Or should I say,
what you really are.

FX: SHE WALKS UP TO HIM

DOCTOR:
This ought to be good.

SMITH:
Professor Winter X-rayed the Gateway as you - as all of
us - stepped through it. Care to explain these results?

FX: SHE HANDS PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER TO HIM

DOCTOR:
Well, obviously, this is a double exposure. Perhaps
unknown radiation from the portal interfering with the X-
ray machine.

FX: SMITH HANDS HIM ANOTHER PHOTO

SMITH:
Twice?

DOCTOR:
I assume you have a theory.

SMITH:

Brandt never told us where the Gateways came from. But the word most people use when they see them is 'unearthly'. I think you came a long way to be here, Doctor. And I think you shared your secrets with your good friend, Harry Houdini.

FX: SHE MAKES FOR THE TARDIS; HE BARS HER WAY

DOCTOR:

Don't do this, Mrs... Helen.

SMITH:

Or he stole them from you. Either way, you're coming back to Germany with me - as you wanted. First, however..

DOCTOR:

You want to see what I've been keeping from you. Then hand the whole thing over to Colonel Brandt, I assume. To do with exactly as he will.

FX: THE FOUR SPIES AROUND THEM COCK THEIR REVOLVERS

SMITH:

Time to see inside the magic cabinet, Doctor.

END PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE

SMITH:

I think you came a long way to be here, Doctor. And I think you shared your secrets with your good friend, Harry Houdini.

FX: SHE MAKES FOR THE TARDIS; HE BARS HER WAY

DOCTOR:

Don't do this, Mrs... Helen.

SMITH:

Or he stole them from you. Either way, you're coming back to Germany with me - as you wanted. First, however...

DOCTOR:

You want to see what I've been keeping from you. Then hand the whole thing over to Colonel Brandt, I assume. To do with exactly as he will.

FX: THE FOUR SPIES AROUND THEM COCK THEIR REVOLVERS

SMITH:

Time to see inside the magic cabinet, Doctor.

CONTINUES INTO:

59b. THE WAREHOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: REYNOLDS BURSTS THROUGH THE DOORS

REYNOLDS:

(CRIES) Mrs Smith. Police cars. At least six of them, pulling up outside.

SPIES (WILDTRACK):

(FEARFUL GASPS, WORRIED MURMURS)

SMITH:

(HORRIFIED) How did they find us?

DOCTOR:

Don't look at me. If I'd called them, I would hardly be standing in the firing line, would I?

REYNOLDS:

What do we do?

DOCTOR:

(CALM, ALMOST SMUG) We could slip out the back way, I suppose. Can everyone swim?

SMITH:

(TO SPIES) Get out there. All of you. Hold them off as long as you can. I need time.

FX: REYNOLDS AND FOUR SPIES HURRY OFF, COCKING REVOLVERS

DOCTOR:

You're putting their lives at risk for nothing, Mrs Smith. Your enemy has the bigger guns, this time.

SMITH:

The equipment. I must save the equipment. If I could open the Gateway...

DOCTOR:

But as long as it's closed, you can't get a message to Berlin to open it. Quite the circular dilemma.

FX: A GUNFIGHT BREAKS OUT OUTSIDE

I'd surrender if I were you. I doubt they can prove half of what you've been up to in this warehouse. They probably wouldn't believe their eyes if they could.

SMITH:

(SNAPS) I don't need a sermon in my ear while I'm trying to think.

DOCTOR:

If that's how you feel. I'll be on my way, then.

FX: HE EDGES HIS WAY INTO THE TARDIS, BEHIND HER BACK

SMITH:

Wait. No. What did you say?

FX: SHE SCRAMBLES AFTER HIM

60. THE TARDIS: CONSOLE ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: USUAL ATMOS; SMITH STUMBLES IN, EVEN AS THE MAIN DOORS CLOSE

SMITH:

(ASTONISHED) What is this? Where am I standing right now?

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) You wanted to know my secrets.

SMITH:

I was right about you... and what you are...

DOCTOR:

In certain respects. Wider of the mark in others.

FX: HE MOVES AROUND THE CONSOLE, OPERATING CONTROLS

SMITH:

No. Stop that. Stop... doing whatever you're doing. You might have separated me from the others, but I still have a gun.

DOCTOR:

(NOT STOPPING) Of course you do.

61. THE CASTLE COURTYARD: MORNING

FX: SOME BIRDSONG; CANVAS COVERINGS FLAP IN THE BREEZE;
AN AUDIENCE OF GERMAN SCIENTISTS GATHERING

SCIENTISTS (WILDTRACK):
(GENERAL CONVERSATION)

BRANDT:
Well, Herr Houdini? Your assessment?

HOUDINI:
Uh, yeah. I need a little more time to be sure, but...

PERI:
The equipment is actually in pretty good condition.
According to Harry, that is.

HOUDINI:
Despite its appearance. Good work with, ah, the tarps and
things. Keeping the rain off it. Very good.

PERI:
Harry did point out a few burnt-out circuits and broken
fluid links. Your engineers have patched in components of
their own, however, rerouting power around the damaged
areas. What do you call this?

FX: SHE TAPS GLASS

HOUDINI:
The vacuum tube?

BRANDT:
The machines work, then? And you are ready to brief our
scientists on their operation?

PERI:
As soon as you like.

HOUDINI:
(HURRIEDLY) Uh, not just yet. I want to check the, uh,
the dimensional portal opening, uh, nozzle. Can't have
that clogged. It'll only take a few minutes.

FX: BRANDT MARCHES AWAY

(TO PERI, HUSHED) What are you doing? I thought we were
trying to stall them.

PERI:

(HUSHED) As Oberst Brandt said, the machines should function adequately.

HOUDINI:

But the Doctor isn't here yet.

PERI:

The Doctor does not know where we are.

HOUDINI:

That better not be true. He's had all night to find us. I put my life in his hands.

PERI:

You're doing well. You are playing your part in the plan.

HOUDINI:

Only thanks to you covering for me. What year do you come from, Miss Brown? What have machines become in your future, that you don't recognise a vacuum tube but you know your way around all this?

PERI:

Follow my lead. (CALLS) Colonel, have your people start up the electrical generators, and gather round. The Great Houdini is ready to perform.

HOUDINI:

(STILL HUSHED) My life in your hands, then. Would this be a good time to apologise for leaving you in the woods?

62. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

FX: DOCTOR STILL OPERATING CONTROLS

SMITH:

It all makes sense now. The things you said. This is what you meant by 'a broader perspective'.

DOCTOR:

(BUSY) Hmm?

SMITH:

I suppose human lives - our lives - must seem tiny to someone like you. We must seem insignificant.

FX: THE DOCTOR STOPS WORKING

DOCTOR:

Thirty-seven million. That's how many lives were lost in your planet's 'Great War'. With both sides wielding guns of their own invention. I assure you, Mrs Smith, I find that a very significant number.

SMITH:

You didn't come here by accident, did you?

DOCTOR:

I may not have known exactly what I was walking into...

SMITH:

But why take sides in someone else's conflict? What do you hope to achieve?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps to save a city. Or two.

SMITH:

An Allied city?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps a world. This was never a question of 'sides'. It doesn't matter who is using the alien technology. I have to take it from them, either way.

SMITH:

I need a moment to think about all this.

DOCTOR:

Take as many as you like. We aren't going anywhere yet.

SMITH:

But the police. They're right outside.

DOCTOR:

No one gets through those doors if I don't want them to.
(REALISING THAT SHE JUST DID) Not once they're fully closed, that is. (TO SELF) The problem is, I should have received their signal by now.

FX: HE OPERATES MORE CONTROLS

SMITH:

What signal? Whose signal?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS can detect when a dimensional portal opens. That's how it found your warehouse. I'd hoped to find the control machinery there. (TO SELF) Six hours ahead in Germany. I suppose, if they waited until morning..

SMITH:

Gateway Control. You're looking for Gateway Control.

DOCTOR:

That's where my two friends, Peri and Harry, will be. So, what's your decision, Mrs Smith? Do you plan on trying to stop me?

63. THE CASTLE COURTYARD

FX: A HUGE, SPUTTERING ELECTRICAL GENERATOR STARTS UP AS HOUDINI SPEAKS

HOUDINI:

(OVER-ENUNCIATING AS IN SCENE 1) Ladies and gentlemen. Introducing my original invention, the Water Torture Cell. (NORMAL VOICE) You'll have to imagine the cell itself, of course. If I'd known I was coming here today, I'd have had it shipped over.

BRANDT:

Get to the point, please.

HOUDINI:

Just trying to set the scene. OK, so imagine the tank right here, and me upside-down inside it. Note how I keep my arms tucked in to my sides. At this point, an assistant would draw a veil around me, but you - you lucky Teutonic audience - you get to see it all.

SCIENTISTS (WILDTRACK):

(MURMUR OF ANTICIPATION)

FX: PERI OPERATES CONTROLS ON THE SPACESHIP MACHINERY, CONTINUING UNTIL NOTED; BRANDT STEPS FORWARD

BRANDT:

Wait. What is Fräulein Brown doing?

PERI:

My job, if you'll let me. Kind of hard without touching the controls.

HOUDINI:

So, this is where Miss Brown saves me from a watery death. She uses machines very much like the ones you have here to open a portal.

PERI:

Two portals.

HOUDINI:

Two portals. As I said. The first immediately above the torture cell, the second.. (THINKS) The second in a hidden area underneath the stage.

BRANDT:

Drowned out by the playing of the orchestra.

HOUDINI:

Dead on. But here's the clever part: She lowers the first portal through the lid of the tank, over my feet and all the way down, along my suspended body.

BRANDT:

Professor?

GERMAN SCIENTIST:

(VAGUE) The coordinates match... seem to match. She is certainly opening a Gateway... in our current location, if I am not mistaken... but these other equations...

PERI:

I am altering the portal's dimensional frequency to increase its stability, and adjusting its relative size.

BRANDT:

Professor!

GERMAN SCIENTIST:

I... don't know. I... Yes, it seems plausible enough.

HOUDINI:

You know, my audiences are usually more attentive. Wondering why you bothered to bring me here at all.

FX: WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE COURTYARD, BUILDING, AS IN SCENE 19

SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS (WILDTRACK):

(GROANS OF DISCOMFORT, MILD PAIN)

BRANDT:

(PAINED) What is this? Switch off the machinery. Disable the generators. Now.

FX: PERI STOPS OPERATING CONTROLS

PERI:

Too late. The process has already begun.

HOUDINI:

(PAINED) Don't worry. We've done this hundreds of times before. Miss Brown knows what she's doing. (NOT AT ALL SURE) I'm sure she does.

BRANDT:

Feels like my head is in a vice... (YELLS) Switch off the generators!

PERI:

(CALM) Gateway opening in five... four... three... two...

64. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

FX: A CHIRRUPING ALERT SOUND FROM THE CONSOLE

DOCTOR:

The signal. Finally.

FX: HE OPERATES CONTROLS

Tracing the source... to Germany. Somewhere outside Berlin.
The army base? No... No, this looks like it.

SMITH:

(NERVOUS) Does that... Does that mean the cabinet is going
to vanish now?

DOCTOR:

It does. And, as you've wisely left your gun in your
pocket, I assume you'd like to be along for the ride.

65. THE WAREHOUSE: MAIN STORAGE AREA [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THE GUN BATTLE CONTINUES OUTSIDE, GETTING CLOSER;
REYNOLDS RUNS IN

REYNOLDS:

(PANICKING) There's too many of them. They shot Mr Mayer.
Someone needs to... Mrs Smith?

FX: HE MOVES AROUND THE ROOM, SEARCHING

Joe made a run for it. He's just lying out there on the
dockside. He might be dead. We should think about
smashing these machines, burning documents... and getting a
message to your husband, if we can... (TAILS OFF, NO ONE IS
LISTENING) Mrs Smith?

FX: HE ENDS UP BY THE TARDIS, RAPS ON THE DOOR

Where are you? Are you in there?

FX: HE LEAPS BACK AS THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES

What in blue blazes...?

66. THE CASTLE COURTYARD

FX: GENERATORS NOW SILENT; A GATEWAY HANGS IN THE AIR,
CRACKLING - MUCH BIGGER AND FIERCER THAN ANY BEFORE

SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS (WILDTRACK):
(ASTONISHED GASPS, WORRIED MURMURS)

BRANDT:
(HORRIFIED) What did you do?

HOUDINI:
(RATTLED) Slight miscalculation. I'm sure we can fix it.
Your machines - not quite the same as our machines. We
meant to make the Gateway smaller...

BRANDT:
It must be twenty metres tall... (SHOUTS) The generators. I
ordered you to switch them off.

HOUDINI:
They did.

PERI:
The inter-dimensional portal is now self-sustaining, and
under my psychokinetic control.

FX: A MINOR EARTH TREMOR

BRANDT:
The earth itself shakes beneath my feet. I can feel the
Gateway's pull from over here. You will bring this castle
down around our ears.

HOUDINI:
You just got everything you ever wanted. Enjoy it.

FX: ANOTHER MINOR TREMOR

BRANDT:
Fräulein Brown. Step away from the machines. Don't think
I will not shoot a woman if I must.

FX: HE DRAWS AND COCKS A PISTOL; HOUDINI PUTS HIMSELF
BETWEEN HIM AND PERI

HOUDINI:

Hey. Hey. This isn't about her, Brandt. This is about me. You and me. You want to know my darkest secrets? I'll tell you. Are you listening good? I'm a fraud. A big, fat fraud. I have no magic. No supernatural powers. I don't know the first thing about any alien contraptions. The reason I can do the things I do is that I cheat.

BRANDT:

I don't believe you.

HOUDINI:

And the irony is, I never lied about it. Never claimed to be anything other than I am: an illusionist. I specialise in fooling the senses, in misdirection. I'm misdirecting you right now. While you're focused on me, you're overlooking what's important. (CALLS) Was that long enough, Miss Brown?

PERI:

Almost. I suggest you all step back. Unless you wish to follow my ship and me into the Vortex.

FX: ANOTHER TREMOR, STRONGER AND LONGER

BRANDT:

(CRIES) I warned you.

HOUDINI:

(CRIES) No. Brandt, no!

FX: HOUDINI TACKLES BRANDT AS HE FIRES; TREMOR DIES DOWN

You shot her. You shot her in the stomach... and the bullet wound just... closed up. What the devil...?

FX: PERI SPEAKS WITH TWO VOICES AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME THE ALIEN VOICE IS MUCH CLEARER

PERI & ALIEN:

You cannot affect me. I am of the Estrati race. This body is merely an energy construct, which currently houses my incorporeal being.

BRANDT:

(TO HOUDINI) This is one of your illusions?

HOUDINI:

I can honestly say, I'm as baffled by it as you are. Can't say I like the feeling very much. I can see why you're so grouchy all the time. (PROTESTS) Hey!

FX: BRANDT GRABS HOUDINI, PUTS HIS PISTOL TO HIS HEAD

BRANDT:

(CALLS) Fräulein... whoever you really are. Listen to me. My bullets may not kill you - but can you say the same for your employer? Your friend?

HOUDINI:

(STRAINED) Never was her employer. I wouldn't presume too much on our friendship either. She's certainly not the woman I thought she was.

BRANDT:

Close down the Gateway. Do it. Do it now. Or I will tighten my finger around this trigger, and the world-famous Harry Houdini will be no more.

FX: ANOTHER TREMOR BEGINS, AND CROSS TO...

67. ELSEWHERE IN THE CASTLE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: AS THE TREMOR CONTINUES, THE TARDIS MATERIALISES;
DOORS OPEN; FIRST SMITH, THEN THE DOCTOR STEP OUT

SMITH:

(STRAINED) What's happening? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Don't you feel that charge in the air, Mrs Smith? If there was any doubt about it before, we are certainly in the right place. At just the right time.

FX: TREMOR DIES DOWN

Now, if you had to house an alien spaceship in an early sixteenth-century German castle, where would you put it?

SMITH:

I... can't say I've ever thought about...

DOCTOR:

The courtyard. Down this way, I think.

FX: HE HURRIES OFF DOWN A NARROW STONE STAIRCASE; SMITH HESITATES FOR A SECOND, THEN FOLLOWS

68. THE CASTLE COURTYARD

FX: GATEWAY STILL CRACKLING

BRANDT:

Did you hear me? I ordered you to— [close the Gateway.]

PERI & ALIEN:

I heard you. You want me to sacrifice my freedom in exchange for Harry Houdini's life. But Harry has already offered his life for mine.

HOUDINI:

(STRAINED) Did I? I don't recall.

PERI & ALIEN:

In New York. You offered to enter the dimensional portal, even when you thought it might crush you.

HOUDINI:

I was trying to be chivalrous. I didn't actually... I still believed I couldn't die. Trust me, I have been well and truly disabused of that notion.

PERI & ALIEN:

Very well.

FX: THE CRACKLING OF THE GATEWAY SIMPLY FADES AWAY

HOUDINI:

(FEELING GUILTY) You... did it. You really closed the Gateway. For me. I... don't know what to say...

BRANDT:

(TO SOLDIERS) Bind her wrists behind her back. Use two pairs of handcuffs.

FX: SOLDIERS MARCH FORWARD, SEIZE PERI, HANDCUFF HER

HOUDINI:

I'm sorry. Again. This is all my fault. Guess I picked the wrong time in my life to start telling the truth.

PERI:

It matters not now. The Doctor has arrived.

BRANDT:

Doctor? Who are you talking about? Which doctor?

FX: THE DOCTOR STRIDES INTO THE COURTYARD, SMITH HURRYING TO KEEP UP WITH HIM

DOCTOR:

You're supposed to ask, 'Doctor Who?'

FX: A DOZEN PISTOLS TURNED ON HIM FROM ALL ACROSS THE COURTYARD

A predictable reaction from the soldiers among you. The rest, I hope, have more enquiring minds. Perhaps you'll listen to what I have to say.

BRANDT:

How did you find this place?

SMITH:

The Doctor isn't from our world. He has a... ship.

BRANDT:

Another spaceship? Where is it?

DOCTOR:

Out of your reach. My ship, you see, travels through an inter-dimensional Vortex. A realm almost infinitely large, so the chances of encountering a fellow traveller within it are almost infinitely small.

PERI:

Almost.

DOCTOR:

The Estrati vessel came off worse from our collision. It crashed into regular space-time, and of course - as cosmic flotsam is remarkably wont to do - it ended up on Earth. Its pilot, on the other hand..

PERI:

Adrift on the Time Winds, I clung to the Doctor's TARDIS. I borrowed a reassuring form from his recent memories.

HOUDINI:

You aren't really Perpugilliam Brown. You never were.

BRANDT:

You... can read minds? (ANGRY) You read my mind?

HOUDINI:

I bet she only had to flick through the pictures. (TO ALL) Let me translate. I know the Doctor well enough to follow his gist, roughly half the time. Seems to me, all he's been trying to do is help a stranded lady get home.

BRANDT:

And you, Frau Schmidt? What has been your role in this deception?

SMITH:

(HALF TO SELF, BITTER) You've noticed I'm here, then.

DOCTOR:

I'm here to take you home, Harry. I keep my promises.

BRANDT:

What makes you think you can just walk out of here?
Either of you?

DOCTOR:

What do you imagine you have to gain by stopping us?
You've glimpsed a fraction of the power my people wield.
You're already losing a world war, Oberst Brandt. Do you
really want to start a war between worlds?

HOUDINI:

If you need another reason... (GRUNT OF EFFORT AS...)

FX: HOUDINI LUNGES AT BRANDT, GRABS HIM BY THE NECK,
SNATCHES HIS PISTOL

BRANDT:

(SPLUTTERS IN ALARM)

HOUDINI:

How about because I have your pistol?

FX: SOLDIERS START TOWARDS HIM, THEN STOP

Ah-ah. Tell your boys in grey to stand down.

BRANDT:

(STRAINED, TO SOLDIERS) If you have a clean shot, take
it. But be very, very careful...

HOUDINI:

My turn to read your mind. You thought you were ready to
die for your country, right? Until you felt a Luger
barrel pressed to your temple. (RUEFUL, SPEAKING FROM
EXPERIENCE) Changes your perspective, doesn't it?

BRANDT:

Do as he says. Lower your weapons.

HOUDINI:

That's better. Start walking, Brandt.

FX: HOUDINI CROSSES THE COURTYARD TO THE DOCTOR, PUSHING BRANDT BEFORE HIM

BRANDT:

This is madness. There are no planes here for you to steal. You are hundreds of miles from Allied territory. Is the Doctor going to spirit us all away to Mars?

DOCTOR:

I might surprise you. Wait a second. What about... (TO PERI) What do I call you now?

PERI:

Call me Peri, if that is your preference. I owe you my gratitude, Doctor. You and Harry. You brought me here, back to my ship, as you said you would. [CONTINUES]

PERI & ALIEN:

You have freed me.

DOCTOR:

(MORE TO HIMSELF THAN TO HER) I always seem to be saying goodbye to you.

HOUDINI:

Come on, Doctor. Are we blowing this joint or what?

FX: FADE UP THE CRACKLING OF THE GATEWAY AGAIN, AS THE DOCTOR, HOUDINI AND BRANDT LEAVE

SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS (WILDTRACK):

(GASPS OF ASTONISHMENT, HORROR)

69. THE CASTLE: INTERNAL STAIRCASE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THE GATEWAY STILL AUDIBLE FROM OUT IN THE COURTYARD;
THE DOCTOR BOUNDS UP A FEW STEPS, SLOWS

DOCTOR:

(URGENT) Come on, Harry. Run.

FX: HOUDINI FOLLOWS SLOWLY, PUSHING BRANDT AHEAD OF HIM

HOUDINI:

What's happening back there?

DOCTOR:

An opportune distraction, of which I suggest taking
maximum advantage.

BRANDT:

(STRAINED) Fräulein Brown... She has opened the Gateway
again. How? How could she do that, without power?

DOCTOR:

The 'Gateway' never closed. Its creator simply shifted
its dimensional frequency, to make it imperceptible to
human senses.

FX: AN OMINOUS TREMOR

The Estrati is leaving this plane of reality, taking her
spaceship with her. Once safe in the Vortex, she can
summon her people to help her. In the meantime, half this
castle will be sucked into the portal behind her. When I
said run, I meant run!

FX: THEY CONTINUE UP THE STAIRS; ANOTHER, STRONGER
TREMOR, CONTINUING INTO...

70. THE COURTYARD [CONTINUOUS]

FX: TREMORS CONTINUE; WALLS STARTING TO CRUMBLE, PEOPLE PANICKING; SEVERAL SOLDIERS SHOOT AT PERI

SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS (WILDTRACK):
(CRIES OF PANIC)

PERI & ALIEN:

(CALM) I reiterate my earlier warning. Step back. Although you have treated me as an enemy, I have no wish to end your lives. I would not mourn their loss, however.

71. ELSEWHERE IN THE CASTLE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: TREMORS CONTINUE THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE, WALLS CRUMBLING; THE DOCTOR, HOUDINI AND THE CAPTIVE BRANDT STRUGGLE ALONG A STONE PASSAGEWAY

DOCTOR:

Not much further now. I left the TARDIS around this next corner.

FX: HOUDINI IS STRUCK DOWN BY FALLING MASONRY

HOUDINI:

(CRY OF PAIN)

BRANDT:

(GRUNT OF EFFORT)

DOCTOR:

(CRIES) Harry!

BRANDT:

No. Keep your distance, Doctor. I have my pistol again. We were on the way to your spaceship, I believe? Where did it land? On the battlements?

HOUDINI:

(GROANS, SEMI-CONSCIOUS)

DOCTOR:

(FRUSTRATED) Have you learned nothing?

BRANDT:

Oh, I've learned enough. The truth about your friend here, to begin with. I wasted years pursuing the Great Houdini. Now, I know he was merely a distraction. One I can do without.

FX: HE COCKS HIS PISTOL

DOCTOR:

If you shoot Harry, you will never induce me to- [help you.]

BRANDT:

(SHOUTS OVER HIM) You are not in control here, Doctor.
(NORMAL VOLUME) I should have done this long ago.

DOCTOR:

(CRIES) No!

FX: A GUNSHOT; SMITH HAS SHOT BRANDT FROM BEHIND WITH A REVOLVER, THOUGH THIS SHOULDN'T BE CLEAR; BRANDT CRUMPLES

(DISAPPOINTED) I didn't ask you to do that.

FX: SMITH WALKS UP, SLOWLY

SMITH:

I know. You're welcome, all the same. Is he...?

FX: HOUDINI STRUGGLES TO SIT UP

HOUDINI:

(WEAK) Alive, if not exactly kicking. More than can be said for the colonel here. You saved my life.

SMITH:

And thus, I become what you accused me of being. A 'wretched traitor'.

HOUDINI:

Not in my eyes. Not to the world. Why did you do it?

SMITH:

He would have... He left me no choice. I have seen so much today that I would have thought impossible. The universe is a bigger place than I ever knew it was.

DOCTOR:

Come with us.

SMITH:

Back to New York? How can I? My spy ring will have been rounded up by now. Someone will surely give the police my name. I'd rather take my chances here.

HOUDINI:

Even after killing an army officer?

SMITH:

Here. Take my revolver with you.

FX: SMITH TOSSES THE PISTOL TO HOUDINI

I'll tell them Brandt broke free of you. I'll say the Doctor shot him as he tried to run. I see no reason why anyone should disbelieve me.

DOCTOR:

Hmm. And what about your husband?

SMITH:

My husband... Karl... died two nights ago.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry to hear it. (BEAT) I don't like the look of that ceiling. You'd best be going. Straight out of this place, and don't look back. Goodbye, Mrs Smith.

SMITH:

Not Smith. My name is Schmidt. Frau Helga Schmidt.

HOUDINI:

Good to finally meet you, Helga Schmidt. I'm Erik Weisz.

FX: SMITH HURRIES AWAY

Looks like it's just the two of us, then, Doctor. Or maybe just you. My head is bleeding pretty badly. I don't know if I have the strength to stand.

DOCTOR:

I came back for you, Harry. I'm not leaving you behind. I'm getting you out of here if I have to carry you.

FX: THE TREMORS BECOME MORE FIERCE; WE LOSE THE DOCTOR AND HOUDINI IN THE ROAR OF THE CASTLE COLLAPSING

72. A HILLSIDE OUTSIDE THE CASTLE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THE CASTLE CONTINUES TO COLLAPSE, ONE PIECE AT A TIME, IN THE MID-DISTANCE; SMITH HURRIES DOWN THE HILL, STOPPING AS SHE ENCOUNTERS A GERMAN SCIENTIST

SMITH:

(BREATHLESS) I don't think it's safe to stop here.

GERMAN SCIENTIST:

(BREATHLESS) Did you see it?

SMITH:

I saw... The light from the Gateway was blinding, I had dust in my eyes, but I think I saw... The Gateway swallowed the spaceship... and the girl, the alien girl.

GERMAN SCIENTIST:

I worked on this project from the start. Seven years' worth of scientific discovery...

SMITH:

So much time wasted on a futile cause. I know. But think of what we've gained. We have seen wonders.

GERMAN SCIENTIST:

Such power. It could have belonged to us.

SMITH:

(SIGHS) Can you walk? It looks like people are gathering at the bottom of the hill. Here, professor, lean on me. Put one foot in front of the other. And don't look back.

FX: HE LEANS ON HER; THEY STUMBLE DOWN THE HILL

GERMAN SCIENTIST:

You were with the other one. The Doctor, you called him. Who are you?

SMITH:

I don't quite know yet. But I intend to find out.

73. A MANHATTAN SIDEWALK, LATE EVENING

FX: A CONTEMPORARY CAR SPUTTERS BY

HOUDINI:

(WOOZY) Manhattan? We're back in Manhattan? Across from the theatre? What time is it? What day is it?

DOCTOR:

Now, therein lies a tale.

FX: HOUDINI TRIES TO GET UP, THE DOCTOR STOPS HIM

No, no need to rush. No hurry, Harry. Sit back. Let me take a look at that bandage.

HOUDINI:

Wait a second. You brought me here from Germany?

DOCTOR:

Hmm. Almost completely white. That means the ointment must be doing its work.

HOUDINI:

I finally got to ride in the TARDIS...

DOCTOR:

Your wound must be nicely healed by now.

HOUDINI:

And I missed the whole thing?

DOCTOR:

All for the best. As I told you, I'm bending the Laws of Time by being here. Everything in due course, Harry.

HOUDINI:

So, I take it we'll be meeting again?

DOCTOR:

Do you want to?

FX: SOMEONE HURRIES ALONG THE OPPOSITE SIDEWALK

HOUDINI:

Huh. Funny thing. There's a guy over there with a coat exactly like yours. Which I'd have said was definitely one of a kind. Hang on...

DOCTOR:

A slight miscalculation with the landing coordinates.

FX: THE FIGURE PUSHES THROUGH THE THEATRE DOORS

Either that, or the old girl chose to take a hand.

HOUDINI:

We've... gone back in time?

DOCTOR:

By a day and a half. My very-slightly-younger self just entered that building to find you. As I recall, I should re-emerge about...

FX: ACROSS THE STREET, THE THEATRE DOORS BURST OPEN, AND THE DOORMAN HURLS THE YOUNGER DOCTOR OUT

DOORMAN:

(SHOUTS) And don't come back if you know what's good for you.

HOUDINI:

Ooh. That didn't look gentle. Dumped right on your-

DOCTOR:

Hence, my search for an alternative method of ingress.

HOUDINI:

What if he looks over here and sees us?

DOCTOR:

He won't. I didn't.

HOUDINI:

(TAKES A BREATH TO CALL OUT)

DOCTOR:

(HAVING ANTICIPATED THIS) And don't even think about calling to him. The advantage of being back here, at this time, is that your disappearance won't be noticed. Not even by your wife.

HOUDINI:

(SIGHS) The usual drill, is it?

DOCTOR:

'The web is spun for you with invisible threads.'

HOUDINI:

Yeah, yeah. I save the whole darn world, and can't tell a soul about it. Who'd even believe me?

DOCTOR:

Not that you did it for the approbation, of course.

HOUDINI:

Still a day and a half older though, right? I'll have to change my birthday. Again.

FX: ACROSS THE ROAD, A WINDOW SMASHES

(WINCES) You really had to break the window.

DOCTOR:

One more favour, Harry. At some point, it will occur to you to send the police to that dockside warehouse. That point should be late tomorrow evening.

HOUDINI:

Tomorrow evening. Check.

FX: THEY STAND

Time I was going, I guess.

DOCTOR:

Indeed. Before the spy sent by Mrs Smith to follow me—
[comes along.]

HOUDINI:

Not what I meant at all. I was in the middle of my signature trick - remember? - when I was so rudely interrupted. My audience awaits me.

DOCTOR:

Of course.

FX: HOUDINI STARTS TO CROSS THE STREET, STOPS, TURNS

HOUDINI:

I do, by the way. I want to do this again. Even though I'm not sure what 'this' is half the time. You and me, Doctor, saving the world together. I'm not too old for that yet.

DOCTOR:

Even after everything I put you through? Even after you thought you might die?

HOUDINI:

What else makes life worth living? Till next time, then?

DOCTOR:
Count on it.

FX: HOUDINI HURRIES OFF, TOWARDS THE THEATRE

74. THE THEATRE VESTIBULE

FX: HOUDINI HURRIES IN FROM THE STREET

DOORMAN:

Mr Houdini? I thought...

HOUDINI:

I was trussed up, upside-down in a water tank behind a curtain, watched by five thousand pairs of eyes. And even if there was a trapdoor in the stage, no way could I have made it all the way back here already.

DOORMAN:

Uh, yeah.

HOUDINI:

Especially if you never saw me passing through here. You can keep a secret, right?

FX: HE WALKS ACROSS THE VESTIBULE, STOPS

(TO SELF) OK, Harry. You can never tell anyone what you really did in the war - but at least you can step into the back of that auditorium, and take what will likely be the greatest ovation of your life. (TAKES A DEEP BREATH)

FX: HE PUSHES THROUGH THE AUDITORIUM DOORS; THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS ON THE OTHER SIDE, AS IN SCENE 1

75. THE THEATRE AUDITORIUM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: A SWITCH OF VIEWPOINT; WE'RE IN THE AUDITORIUM, THE ORCHESTRA IN FULL SWING; HOUDINI WALKS IN AND STOPS, DOORS CLOSING BEHIND HIM; THE MUSIC STUMBLES TO A CONFUSED STOP, AS HE SPEAKS

HOUDINI:

(OVER-ENUNCIATING AS IN SCENE 1) Ladies and gentlemen. I have the honour to be... the Great Houdini.

AUDIENCE (WILDTRACK):

(GASPS OF ASTONISHMENT; APPLAUSE AND CHEERING BREAKS OUT, BUILDING INTO A TUMULTUOUS STANDING OVATION)

END